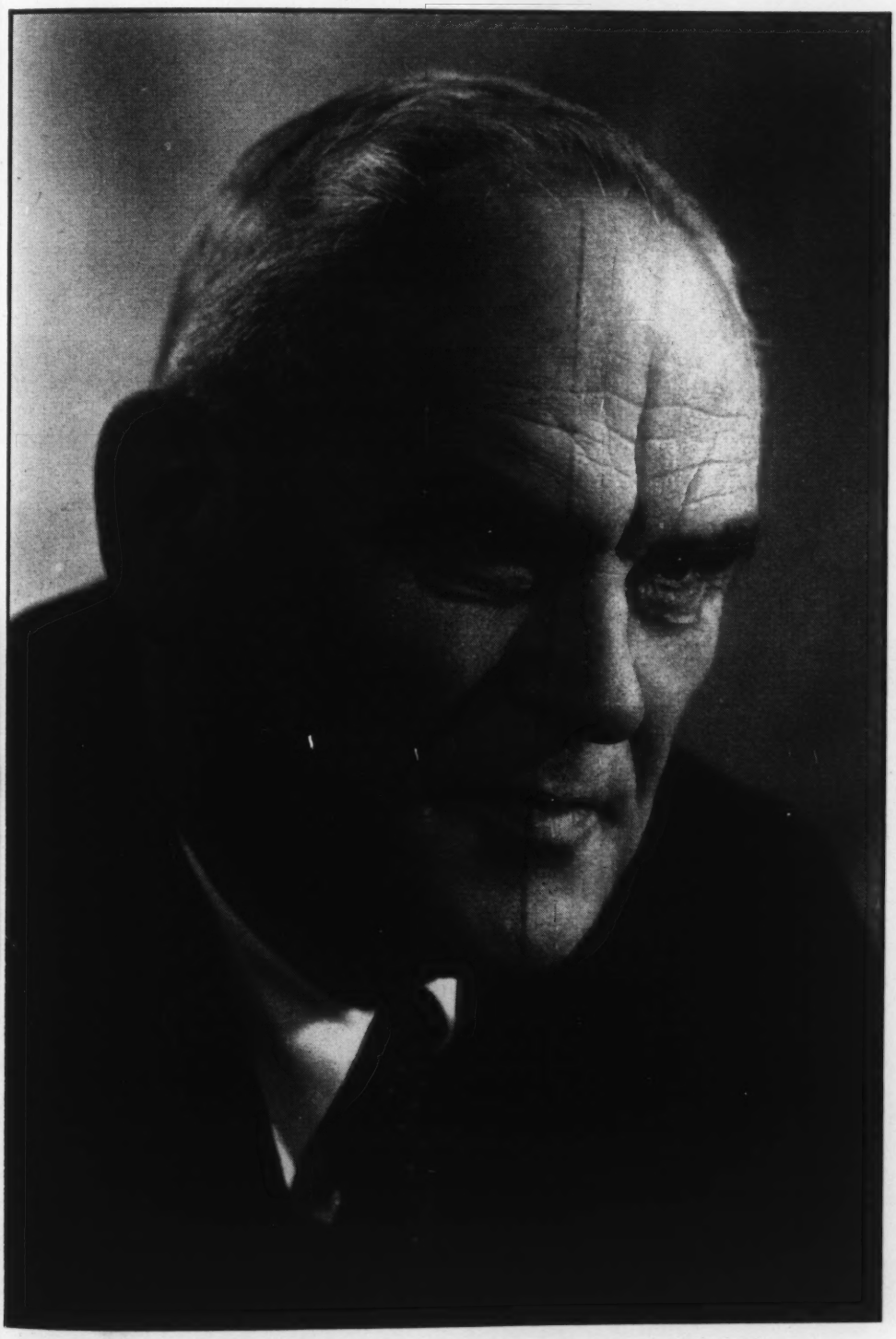
Saturday Night

OCTOBER 1ST 1955 TEN CENTS



The Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe: The man and the legend (Page 15).

The Front Page

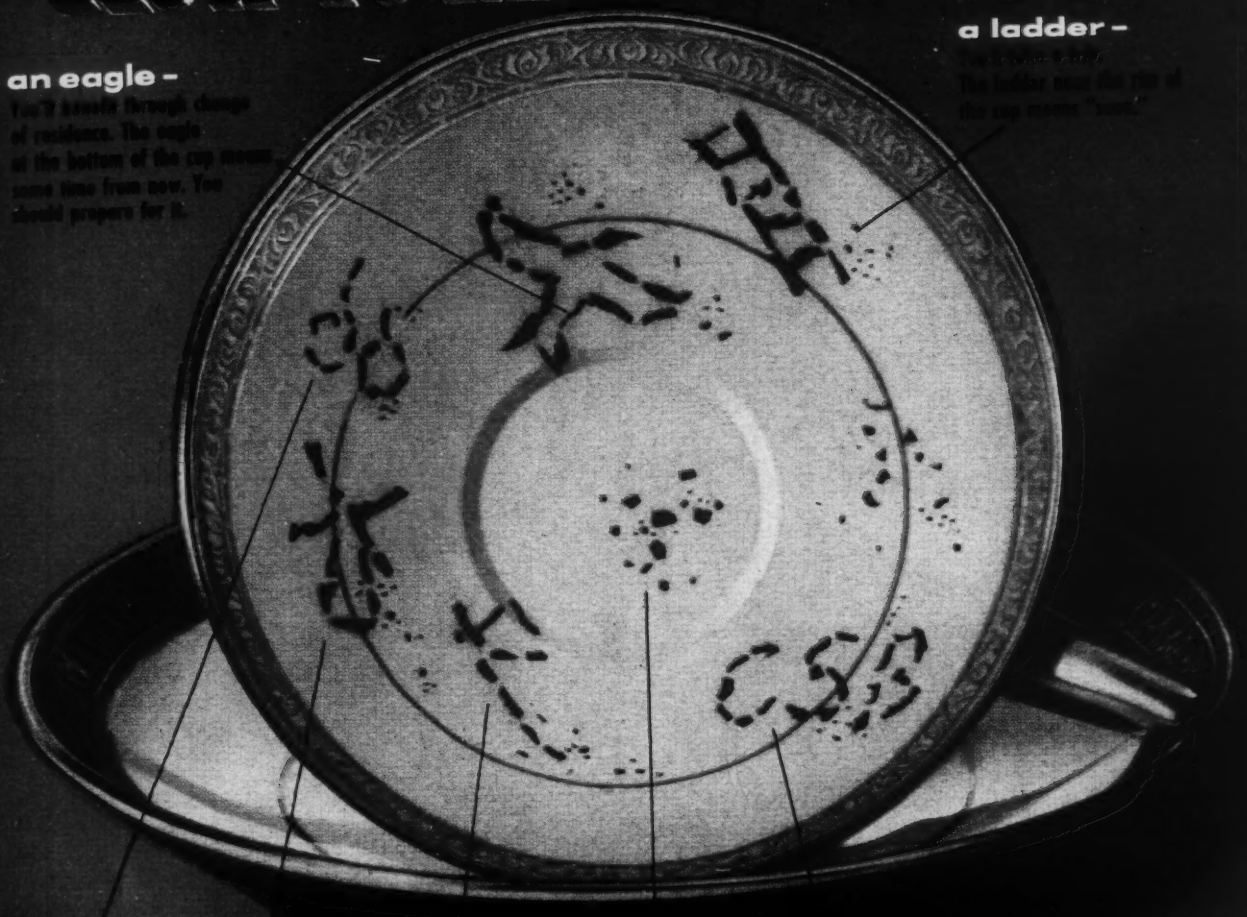
THE FEDERAL Government's so-called immigration policy is not a policy at all, but an unholy mess of confusion and contradictions. It could hardly be anything else when cabinet ministers, the men who are supposed to make the policy, are themselves in a fog. In one brief speech at Regina last month, for example, Prime Minister St. Laurent managed to contradict both himself and his Minister of Immigration, Mr. Pickersgill.

Last May Mr. Pickersgill told the House of Commons: "To the best of my knowledge, this department does not now and never has paid any attention to keeping a racial balance, and I hope it never will". At Regina, Mr. St. Laurent told the crowds celebrating Saskatchewan's fiftieth year as a province that his Government's policy was to maintain the "balance of groups" within the country — clearly the opposite of what Mr. Pickersgill said.

Mr. St. Laurent was also quoted as saying he disliked the word tolerance, which implies little more than a willingness to put up with the differences in other people. He did not want Canada to be a melting-pot, like the United States: "We don't try to put all who come here into the same pot so as to have them come out as like as two peas in a pod". If this is so, why the determination to maintain a balance between racial groups? To keep a balance, there must be some sort of quota system for immigrants — an acknowledg-

Against Going to the Dogs
by Arthur Lower: Page 7

How to read a tea cup



an eagle –
You'll benefit through change of residence. The eagle at the bottom of the cup means some time from now. You should prepare for it.

a ladder –
You'll move a step. The ladder near the rim of the cup means "more."

apples –
You'll enjoy long life and gain as a result of your habits of thrift.

an axe –
Put it overcome difficulties which seem to be against you say, or the tools you need are clearly available.

a windmill –
You'll profit by success in a new financial undertaking.

squares –

c.s.b You'll buy Canada Savings Bonds. Take it from the tea leaves. If you want to choose a better way of living, or take advantage of an opportunity, or enjoy peace of mind, Canada Savings Bonds are definitely in your future. The "CSB" near the rim of the cup and near the handle means "Investment Future."

Canada Savings Bonds

The 10th Series Canada Savings Bonds and 25th Series Bonds (with 2½ years—can be cashed at any time at full face value plus accrued interest—are available through Banks, Investment Dealers, Trust or Loan companies, or through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work.

ment that people of some nationalities are more welcome in Canada than others. It is not a matter of "putting up with" the differences but of saying that the differences are enough to justify discrimination. Even tolerance is too strong a word for such a procedure.

"We want them (the immigrants) to conserve their national traditions and culture," Mr. St. Laurent said. In other words, he wants them to cling to the very things that apparently make it necessary for the Government of Canada, in practice if not in theory, to impose quotas. What other reasons could there be for controlling immigration so that the balance of racial groups is preserved?

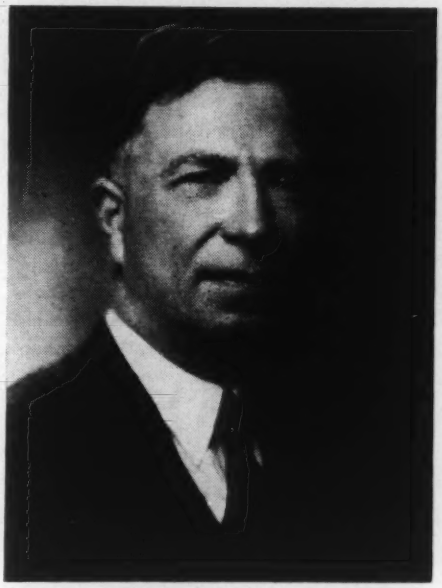
What Mr. St. Laurent was trying to do, of course, was to make a pleasing speech without saying anything. He trotted out all the pat phrases about traditions and culture without making any attempt to examine them for meaning. In a more thoughtful address he could have said that Canada needs immigrants, needs them in much larger numbers, needs the strength, skills and brains that they can contribute to this nation's physical and intellectual development—but does *not* need the ancient hatreds and parochial loyalties that infect so many parts of the Old World and form such an important part of its traditions. He could have told his listeners, too, what he meant by "balance of groups". Do the actual figures for immigration in 1955 represent the officially approved balance? The three major groups of immigrants in the first six months were British (16,170), Italians (12,026) and Germans (8,112). Is the balance to be maintained even if it means a severe restriction of total immigration? There has been a steady decline in the number of arrivals during the past four years. Canada received 194,391 immigrants in 1951. By 1954 the total was down to 154,227. In the first half of this year there were only 58,417.

Let Mr. St. Laurent and his colleagues in the cabinet get together and produce a policy instead of platitudes.

Test of a Law

THE LESSONS of Ontario's attempt to make racial discrimination a legal offence deserve study by Canadians in every part of the country. The questions raised are of far more than regional importance. How far can the law go in enforcing decent human relations? Does enforcement increase rather than lessen bad feeling between people of different creeds and colors?

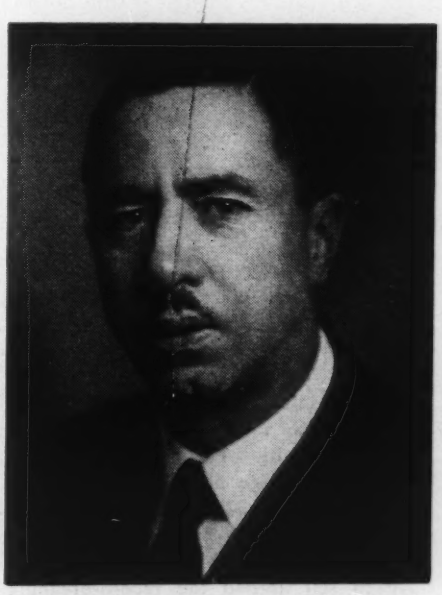
The Ontario Legislature passed the Fair Accommodation Practices Act last year, and Premier Frost referred to it as the "proudest achievement" of his political career. But it has taken only a few months



Labor Minister Daley: Reluctant.

to show that his pride was premature. To begin with, Labor Minister Daley, responsible for enforcing the Act, was clearly reluctant to use his new power. But a test of the effectiveness of the legislation could not be avoided. The village of Dresden, in the southwestern part of the province, had long been described by the newspapers as a notorious example of a community divided by a color bar. It was inevitable that the first test should be made there.

Two Dresden restaurateurs were accused of refusing to serve Negroes. They were fined and convicted by the magistrate hearing the cases. These decisions were appealed in county court, where Judge Henry E. Grosch last month gave his ruling: "The appeal is allowed and the conviction is quashed". He gave his reasons for the judgment, and in so doing tore great holes in Mr. Frost's proudest achievement. There can be no further ap-



Attorney-General Roberts: A duty.

peal (the case concerns not an indictable offence but one that calls for summary trial), and as this was being written both Mr. Frost and his new Attorney-General, Kelso Roberts, were reported to be looking for ways to repair the tattered Act. Mr. Daley's reaction was to say that the matter was now "as dead as a door-nail".

The Dresden cases were based essentially on Section 2 of the Act, which reads: "No person shall deny to any person or class of persons the accommodation, services or facilities available in any place to which the public is customarily admitted because of the race, creed, color, nationality, ancestry or place of origin of such person or class of persons". In reversing one of the convictions, Judge Grosch said: "If the circumstances related do in fact constitute a denial of service to Armstrong, and if the food ordered was available, then it must still be proved that the denial was because of Armstrong's color, that being the specific wording of the charge as laid. . . . There quite possibly could also be reasons other than color if service was in fact denied." In other words, if there is to be a conviction, the accused must plainly state, in front of competent witness, that he is refusing service because of the customer's race, creed, color and so on. This means that it will be virtually impossible to get convictions, and that as a legal instrument the Act is worthless.

What can Ontario do? It can just toy with the Act, even ignore it. But while it is true that people cannot be forced to be tolerant by law, it is surely possible and necessary that the rights of individuals be protected by law. Such rights are not adjustable to the color of a person's skin or the manner in which he worships. For Mr. Frost and Mr. Roberts to admit defeat now would be the shameful way. They must not forget about the Act. In seeking to strengthen it, they may find that they are exceeding the powers of a province, that what they want to do can only be done by the Federal Parliament. In that case, they must press for action at Ottawa—and out of the shreds of the Fair Accommodation Practices Act could come a Canadian Bill of Rights.

Easy Money

THE TELEVISION program, "The $64,000 Question", is open to all sorts of criticism. It can be attacked for its dullness, its heavy content of clumsy advertising, its gimcrack methods, the ineptitude of its master of ceremonies, its repetitive format and so on. It is a quiz program, and therefore cannot escape the built-in weaknesses of all such substitutes for professional entertainment. Its massive audience has been attracted simply by the size of the cash awards and a certain element of suspense.

But the program has also been criticized by churchmen, newspaper columnists and

others for its supposed effect on public morality. Dr. J. R. Mutchmor, secretary of the United Church's Board of Evangelism and Social Service recently charged, for example, that it inspired greed in people and fostered the "something for nothing" philosophy. Several columnists took the same line, adding wise words about the worth of hard work. These critics, we believe, are on pretty shaky ground.

Contestants who win substantial amounts of cash on the "The $64,000 Question" are not getting something for nothing. They are being paid for the information they have acquired presumably over a period of years. If there is anything wrong with trading knowledge or skill for cash, then everyone who works for a living is guilty. But let us suppose that the contestants are actually getting something "for free". They are doing nothing worse than accepting gifts, and the people watching them are guilty of nothing worse than sharing their fun. It may be poor entertainment (and this may be a sin), but winning prizes or getting gifts of money can hardly be reason enough for delayed dispatch to hell's fires.

The materialism of our age has caused a lot of people to say some pretty foolish things about money and work. They seem to think that there is something inherently bad about making money quickly or easily, and something inherently good about hard work of any kind. But they are strangely silent about the limitations of poverty and the indignity of spirit-destroying labor.

Lonely Genius

A BRITISH scientist who has been studying the effect of atomic radiation on heredity has suggested that "one mutation which results in an Aristotle, a Leonardo, a Newton or an Einstein might well outweigh 99 that led to mental defectives". Maybe so—but it would be a lonely and frustrating existence, being a genius in a world of idiots. Is there any point in being a genius if no one understands what you are trying to do or say? The question is academic, of course. We're still a long way from the happy time when the proportion of mental defectives to intellectual giants will be as low as a hundred to one.

Fair Trade

WHEN External Affairs Minister Pearson made a mournful comment a couple of weeks ago about the number and perplexity of the day-to-day problems that crop up between Canada and the United States, he did not go into details and may have been talking only about the experience of his own department. But he could scarcely have been unaware of the major problem that has been posed for Canada by the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Benson.

The United States has got itself into an agricultural mess. An intricate system of subsidies and price supports, continued for many years, has produced tremendous surpluses of many farm products. These Mr. Benson wants to reduce, which is sensible of him, but the way he is going about the job threatens Canada with the loss of valuable markets. On a visit to Western Canada early this year, Mr. Benson announced that the U.S. would compete "fairly but aggressively" to sell more of her farm products on the world market. No one could object to that. But Mr. Benson's methods, while certainly aggressive,

Ezra Benson: "Aggressive" selling.

have been anything but fair. Even though he has repeatedly said that the U.S. would not upset world trade by dumping the surpluses, he has done everything from giving the stuff away to taking "payment" in blocked currencies. Only a few weeks ago he threatened, more or less openly, that countries receiving American aid would have to buy more American farm products—or else.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has estimated that the current Canadian wheat crop will reach 501 million bushels. There is a carryover of 481 million from the last crop year. The total supply then will be about 982 million. Domestic consumption will account for about 150 million bushels, leaving 832 million for export and carryover. The average annual carryover for the past 15 years has been 294 million bushels, and if the Wheat Board hopes to get close to that figure for 1955-56 it will have to sell abroad the record-breaking amount of 538 million bushels. Exports in the 1954-55 crop year were 254 million, and in the previous year 255 million. With Mr. Benson playing the bull in the china shop of foreign trade, the Wheat Board faces an impossible task.

This is more than a day-to-day problem. It is a matter of principle in the market place which vitally concerns the well-being of this country, and Ottawa must make it plain to Washington that Canada has only the deepest disgust for the antics of Mr. Benson.

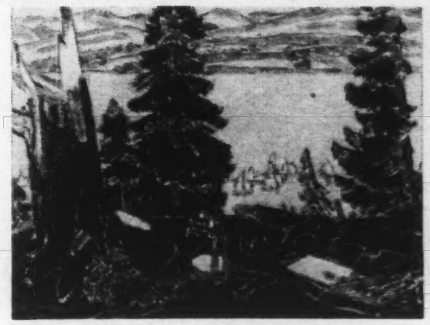
Canadian and American ministers who make up the Joint Economic and Trade Committee are meeting in Ottawa this week. It is the second meeting of the Committee, which was formed to enable the two countries to thrash out their economic differences and difficulties. The Americans made what was undoubtedly an effort to provide a better climate for the conference by removing import restrictions on oats and barley (effective Sept. 30), but this is not nearly enough to justify a softening of Canadian criticism of the Benson trade practices. The U.S. still curbs imports of rye and dairy products, and in any case higher Canadian prices for oats and barley prevent large-scale exports to the U.S. In the 1954-55 crop year, for example, Canada shipped only 14.8 million bushels of oats to the U.S., which had set the quota at 39.3 million bushels. If Canadian prices dropped, we doubt if Mr. Benson would hesitate before recommending that the quotas be re-imposed.

Postal Polysyllables

WORD has gone out from Ottawa to the toilers in the nation's post offices that they are to stop using the phrase "dead letter office". The correct title now is "undeliverable letter office". This suggests that old strayed letters never die, but even if they just fade away they must ultimately turn to dust, and that is death. What other fate can there be for a letter that is labelled, with grim finality, "undeliverable"? In any case, the new title is as dead as the most undeliverable of letters. What sane postman is going to wrap his tongue around "undeliverable" when he can say, simply and precisely, "dead"?

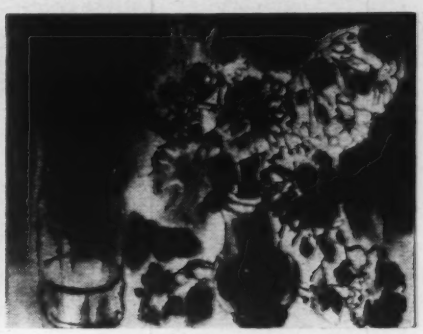
Good Business

RUSSIA has handed back to Finland the big naval base at Porkkala. "You get on with your own internal affairs as you wish," Khrushchev told the Finns. He was talking, of course, for the benefit of all small nations—and looking at the great chain of bases flung around the world by the United States. If the big, friendly USSR can make such a gesture, why can't the big, nasty USA do the same? Mr. Khrushchev will gladly trade one base (which could quickly be regained) for a whole mess of them.



Painting Place (1930): oil.

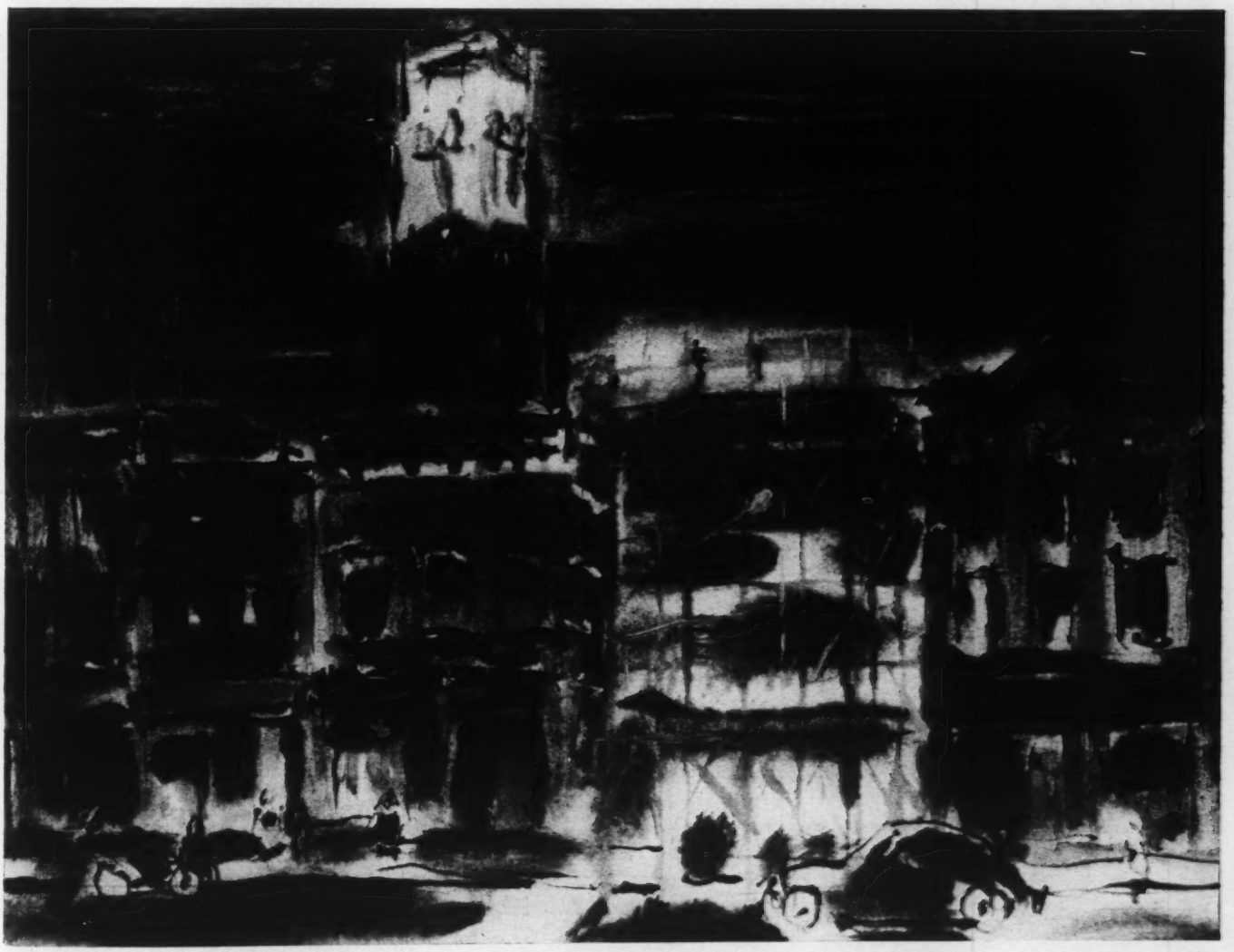
The Saint (1942): water color.



Glass Jar (1946): water color.

David Bruce Milne

The exhibition of Milne's work, now at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, will come to Toronto on Oct. 21. It will be at the Musée de la Province, Quebec, from Dec. 2; London, Ont. in January, 1956; Montreal, from Feb. 3; Edmonton, from Mar. 9; Vancouver, from April 17; and Winnipeg, from May 18. The pictures above are from the collections of (left) His Excellency the Governor General; (centre), the National Gallery; and (right), the Hon. Lester B. Pearson and Mrs. Pearson. See also page 9.



Tower (1947): water color, from the collection of the National Gallery of Canada.

from Simpson's is
your new umbrella
different
It's the handles that are so unusual . . . any one of them exciting focal point of your Fall costume! They come from across the sea and from times remote and modern . . . they're fashioned of fine china and precious woods, of leather and delicately wrought metal . . . and they surmount sleek modern frames covered with nylon or pure silk in every shade under the rain. Choose yours now at Simpson's
Antique carved rosewood, 17.50
Antique Limoges china, 17.50
Italian leather, 18.50
Venetian glass, $25
Italian carved metal, $30
Antique polished handle, 17.50
Simpson's
TORONTO
PHONE UN. 1-8111 OR WRITE
SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO.

SIMPSON'S STORES ARE LOCATED IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, LONDON, HALIFAX AND REGINA

by Arthur Lower

Arguments Against Going to the Dogs

EVERY CIVILIZED society sooner or later gets round to worrying about whether it can keep on going or not. The analogy of the individual life is too pressing to be avoided: birth, growth, death, stare us in the face.

If one were trying to prove that degeneration was setting in, what items could he set down? He would first have to ask what keeps a society, or civilization, going. He would put down such items as a sense of accomplishment (our leading motive here in North America, where we are still building a new world), a belief in ourselves ("Thou shalt flourish great and free, the pride and envy of them all!"), some kind of conviction of righteousness ("Providence has . . . chosen you as the guardians of freedom to preserve it for the benefit of the human race") and a religious faith. Nearly all great civilizations have been reared on a great religion. The most vital of all questions is whether they could carry on if the sap went out of their religious roots.

Could it not be taken, it will be asked, that the power of the West, its technical virtuosity, its material accomplishments, its interest in well-being, are proof of its vitality and ability to endure? I do not think there is much in this line of argument. All these rest on the more subtle non-material bases I have named above. The motor-cars would soon run out of gas, were it not for the will and the energy that lies behind them. "Put not thy trust in things!"

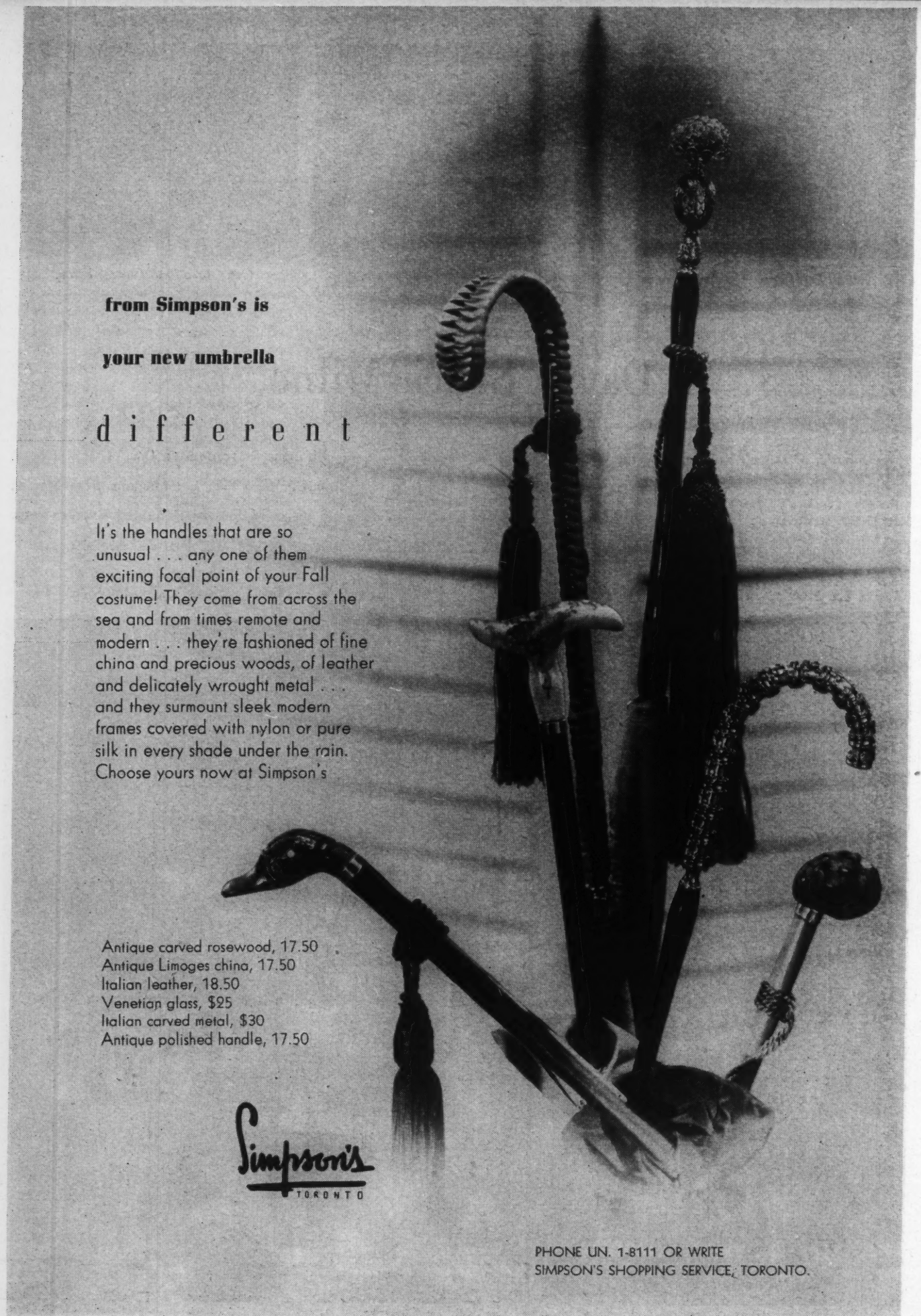
Our belief in things does not, of course, rest merely on a childlike fondness for cakes and candy. To alleviate the physical lot of man is to raise him in the scale of things: a man with a decent home is likely to be a better citizen than a man in a hovel. This type of faith in the material aspect of things has "paid off". It is to be entered on the credit side of our account, for there is still plenty of energy and confidence behind it. In other words, one of the spiritual bases of the West, the sense of accomplishment, seems healthy and enduring.

What about the others, a belief in ourselves, a conviction of righteousness, or rightness, and a religious faith?

No one could affirm that we hold our belief in ourselves as confidently as in days gone by. The high tide of "belief-in-yourself" was marked by the spread of the white race throughout the world and its assumption that it was destined to rule "inferior peoples" for their own good. Three hundred years ago, the Puritans were slaughtering the Indian as ruthlessly as today the Afrikaners, if unrestrained by world opinion, would be slaughtering the black. The difficulty with the Afrikaners is that they are seventeenth century people who have not lost faith in themselves. As Calvinists, they firmly believe that they are a "chosen people". We English remained "chosen people" until about fifty years ago but since then, the Christian conception of sin has been catching up to the Calvinist conception of God's Elect, with the result that the native peoples are everywhere escaping from control, and classical notions of "Empire" are at an end.

How about our conviction of rightness? We shout about "democracy" but few of us have clear ideas as to what "democracy" means and involves. If we mean our self-governing institutions, which in turn rest on the conviction that society must be founded on freedom and justice, we have a faith indeed. But do we have that faith and are we willing to make the sacrifices entailed in maintaining it? Our behavior in two world wars gives ground

How long can urbanism, "that brittle structure", endure? asks Professor Lower. Can Christianity today do anything more than fight a rear-guard action?


from Simpson's is
your new umbrella
different
It's the handles that are so unusual . . . any one of them exciting focal point of your Fall costume! They come from across the sea and from times remote and modern . . . they're fashioned of fine china and precious woods, of leather and delicately wrought metal . . . and they surmount sleek modern frames covered with nylon or pure silk in every shade under the rain. Choose yours now at Simpson's
Antique carved rosewood, 17.50
Antique Limoges china, 17.50
Italian leather, 18.50
Venetian glass, $25
Italian carved metal, $30
Antique polished handle, 17.50
Simpson's
TORONTO
PHONE UN. 1-8111 OR WRITE
SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO.

SIMPSON'S STORES ARE LOCATED IN TORONTO, MONTREAL, LONDON, HALIFAX AND REGINA

by Arthur Lower

Arguments Against Going to the Dogs

EVERY CIVILIZED society sooner or later gets round to worrying about whether it can keep on going or not. The analogy of the individual life is too pressing to be avoided: birth, growth, death, stare us in the face.

If one were trying to prove that degeneration was setting in, what items could he set down? He would first have to ask what keeps a society, or civilization, going. He would put down such items as a sense of accomplishment (our leading motive here in North America, where we are still building a new world), a belief in ourselves ("Thou shalt flourish great and free, the pride and envy of them all!"), some kind of conviction of righteousness ("Providence has . . . chosen you as the guardians of freedom to preserve it for the benefit of the human race") and a religious faith. Nearly all great civilizations have been reared on a great religion. The most vital of all questions is whether they could carry on if the sap went out of their religious roots.

Could it not be taken, it will be asked, that the power of the West, its technical virtuosity, its material accomplishments, its interest in well-being, are proof of its vitality and ability to endure? I do not think there is much in this line of argument. All these rest on the more subtle non-material bases I have named above. The motor-cars would soon run out of gas, were it not for the will and the energy that lies behind them. "Put not thy trust in things!"

Our belief in things does not, of course, rest merely on a childlike fondness for cakes and candy. To alleviate the physical lot of man is to raise him in the scale of things: a man with a decent home is likely to be a better citizen than a man in a hovel. This type of faith in the material aspect of things has "paid off". It is to be entered on the credit side of our account, for there is still plenty of energy and confidence behind it. In other words, one of the spiritual bases of the West, the sense of accomplishment, seems healthy and enduring.

What about the others, a belief in ourselves, a conviction of righteousness, or rightness, and a religious faith?

No one could affirm that we hold our belief in ourselves as confidently as in days gone by. The high tide of "belief-in-yourself" was marked by the spread of the white race throughout the world and its assumption that it was destined to rule "inferior peoples" for their own good. Three hundred years ago, the Puritans were slaughtering the Indian as ruthlessly as today the Afrikaners, if unrestrained by world opinion, would be slaughtering the black. The difficulty with the Afrikaners is that they are seventeenth century people who have not lost faith in themselves. As Calvinists, they firmly believe that they are a "chosen people". We English remained "chosen people" until about fifty years ago but since then, the Christian conception of sin has been catching up to the Calvinist conception of God's Elect, with the result that the native peoples are everywhere escaping from control, and classical notions of "Empire" are at an end.

How about our conviction of rightness? We shout about "democracy" but few of us have clear ideas as to what "democracy" means and involves. If we mean our self-governing institutions, which in turn rest on the conviction that society must be founded on freedom and justice, we have a faith indeed. But do we have that faith and are we willing to make the sacrifices entailed in maintaining it? Our behavior in two world wars gives ground

How long can urbanism, "that brittle structure", endure? asks Professor Lower. Can Christianity today do anything more than fight a rear-guard action?

Enjoy a finer cognac...

Bisquit COGNAC

★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
IN BOTTLES
AND IN FLASKS

A superb brandy distilled from grapes grown in Cognac, France, and matured in the venerable cellars of Bisquit Dubouché & Co.

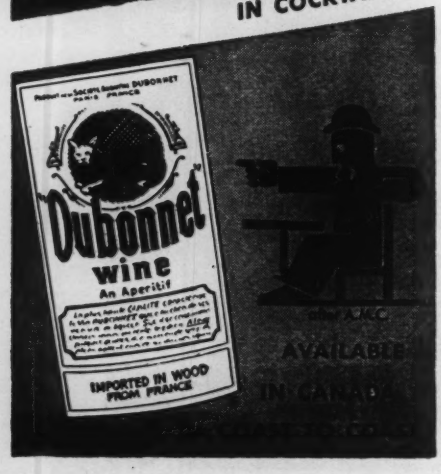
By appointment to the late King George VI

L. PAUL CHARTRAND, OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES, MONTREAL

TRY DUBONNET "STRAIGHT"

SERVE DUBONNET CHILLED

USE DUBONNET IN COCKTAILS



for a considerable degree of optimism.

There can be no conclusion to the debate, since we are in the realm of opinion, not of fact.

For us, the greatest of all dangers is urbanism and the so-called "success philosophy" which it generates.

Urbanism, especially in large cities, destroys the sense of community, segregates people into economic and social districts, prevents these districts understanding each other and, in the result, sets going all sorts of dangerous tensions.

The "success philosophy" brings to every situation the simple question "Will it pay?". It might be called "the cash value view of morality".

As long as urban expansion continues primarily on the basis of the middle class, which with us includes a majority of "working men" also, it is possible that no irremediable harm is being done, for a middle class will always contain a large nucleus of responsible people. The middle class, however, stands a good chance of being taxed into irresponsibility, and then its successor is clearly the group down below, which is interested mainly in bread and breeding and will always welcome a dictator. The future of our great cities possibly rests with the slums.

There are few people, surely, who have not sometimes wondered, as they watched the clashing city life roll by, with every human being propelled at an unnatural rate of speed and assaulted by every species of unnatural noise and light, how long such a brittle structure can endure.

Many dangers have a high correlation with urbanism, though not an exclusive one. One of these lies in the reduction of the old spirit of self-help, the notion that "they" must take care of you. If this were equated to a sense of duty—as it is assumed to be, for example, in the military services—it might not have to be feared, but I doubt if it is. I doubt if sense of duty has kept pace with demand for rights.

Another danger lies in the conformism which grips our society. I suppose this comes in as part of the backwash of the "success philosophy". How to get on? Don't offend the boss! Don't offend anyone! Wear the right kind of clothes! Think the right kind of thoughts (if any)!

The "success philosophy" also leads to the shallow conception of "progress" which we North Americans hold. Our popular culture, judged by such things as popular amusements, popular reading matter, popular programs on air and screen, may not be degenerative, but neither is it civilized—it is at best barbarism. We constantly intone the incantation "high standard of living". What do we mean by it? Chiefly, more dreary cities like Toronto, with more people knocked down by more numerous and faster cars. Down where I live, here along the shores of the lovely Bay of Quinté, we are also experiencing "progress", so that it is fairly safe to predict that within five or ten years we shall have turned its pure waters into sewage. On examination, there should be one word changed in the phrase "high standard of living". That word is "high". It should be changed into "low".

Under the "success philosophy", such touchstones as "Will it pay?", "Will it sell?" give ultimate answers. They make all values equal. Luckily, within our own civilization, we never reach the logical limits of the "success philosophy": otherwise we would find ourselves backing dope-peddling and brothels as two of the most profitable of all activities and therefore two of the most "valuable".

Are there counter-forces? There are several. Our traditions, political and religious, are the greatest of these. Conscious education towards sanity, the leadership of the devoted few, is another.

Others lie in the so-called "interest groups" of our society, the three largest of which are agriculture, business and labor. Unfortunately, the farmers have had their day and are everywhere giving ground to the townsmen. "Business" as such does not represent a faith sufficient to make it something in itself: its weapons will turn in its hands. Labor still has something to fight for and if it does not fall under dictatorships, a danger to which it is prone, it may help to preserve the vitality of our self-governing institutions.

There remains to consider the biggest counter-force of all, the basic faith of our society. When this was Christianity, our society was strong. Today, Christianity, both at home and abroad, can do little more than fight rear-guard actions.

Does this mean the end of Christianity and along with it, of the Christian ethic and our ideals of justice and freedom derived from it? Who can answer that? One point at least is clear: Christianity has been through worse days and has recovered, and there is nothing like pressure to aid recovery. But that requires still another point: the old-fashioned Christianity with its naive beliefs in the supernatural is gone and the only thing that could bring it back would be a world disaster that would take us all back to semi-barbarism and allow credulity once more to flourish. This seems too much to pay for the whistle.

The discussion could go on *ad infinitum*. It must conclude, and it must conclude inconclusively. Who can tell what the future will bring? But may we not ask whether anything can down the indomitable optimism of man? Who is of so little faith as not to believe in his own worth, in the legacy of his fathers, and in the capacities of his sons? Who can really imagine that the great faith in which even the worst of us has his being will blow away and leave us without hope?

The future is to those who make it. If we have no future, it is because we do not will it otherwise.

Boston Corner: oil, National Gallery.

David Milne — Revisited

by Andrew Bell

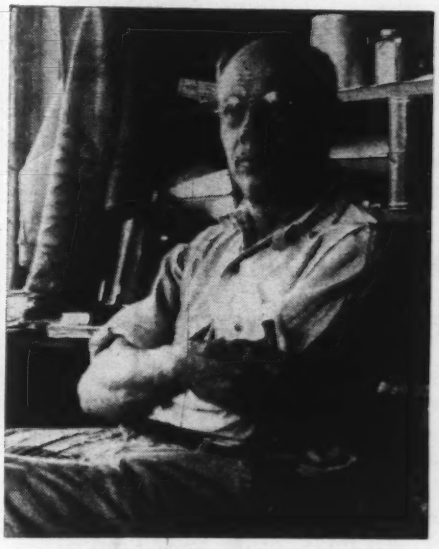
"It is refreshing to come on an article about painting without 'plastic' in it and 'content'. You know, 'social content' or 'aesthetic content'. The high-flown language of art bothers me . . .".

You'd think those were the words of a philistine, perhaps. Not at all, they are from a letter David Milne once sent a long-time friend, Donald Buchanan, who is now Associate Director of the National Gallery. And this distaste of the pompous is a first clue to the character of the painter whose major Retrospective Exhibition opened in Ottawa on September 16, and in coming months will tour Canada.

Painters succeed best—dead. Milne has been dead for almost two years, and so Canada is to see a first complete showing of his beautiful oils, water-colors and drypoints. Happily, his pictures are crystal clear and don't need to be explained; this painter yearned to communicate, not pose clever riddles. But who was he, this David Milne, relatively so little known and praised while he lived?

He was gentle, urbane, witty, and he seemed to have a kind of secret inner being which even those he liked might not enter. Equally, he loathed cant, affectation, "dressing up"; a spare, small, intense man with a puckish face, full of light.

Milne was born in 1882 on an Ontario farm, and a smiling Nature was the great love of his life. He studied at the Art Students League in New York, and had five pictures in that extraordinary 1913 New York Armory Show which introduced post-impressionist painting to the New World. In the catalogue he comes right after Henri Matisse, the only contemporary painter, curiously enough, with whom he has much in common. Later, partly thanks to Lord Beaverbrook, he was an official Canadian war artist in



David B. Milne (1882-1954), photographed by Douglas Duncan in his studio at Six-Mile Lake, Ontario.

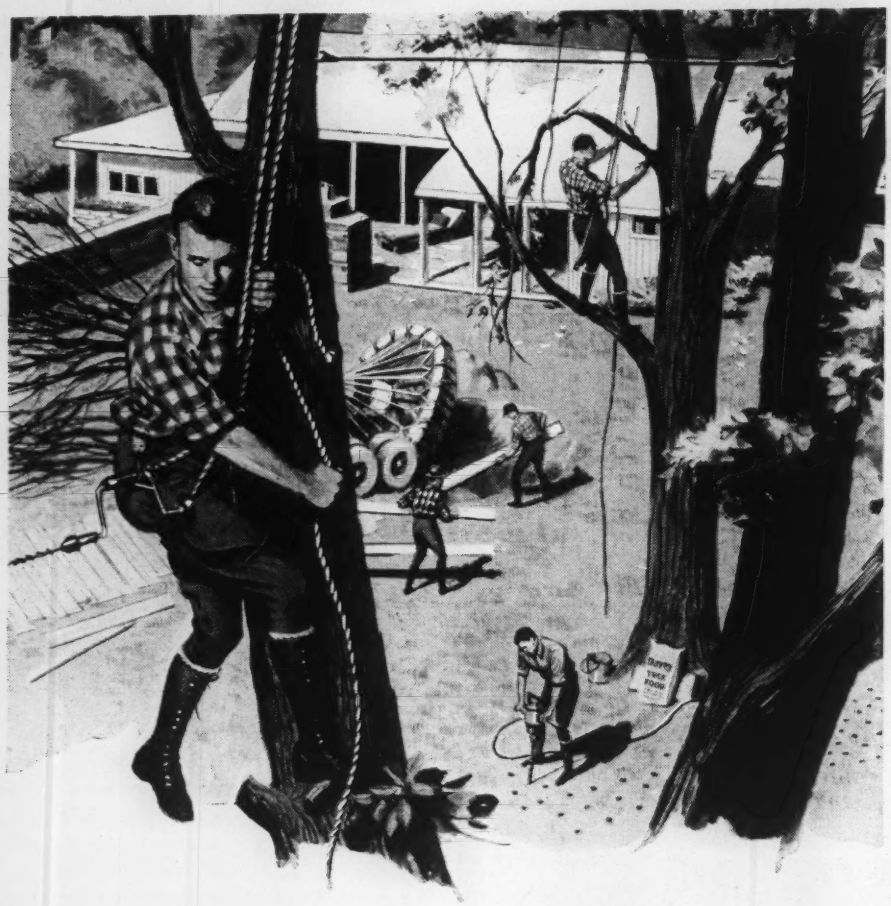
World War I. About a hundred of the resulting water-colors are in the National Gallery.

In time he was a contemporary of the Group of Seven. Unlike that brave body of men, however, he was never moved to go around self-consciously showing the Canadian flag. His *passion*—no less strong word will do—was for fragrant, earthy beauties, which had nothing whatever to do with political frontiers. As he grew older, that passion broadened to include whimsical dreams of such things as biblical subjects and playing card kings and queens who had come to be real people. There is a peculiarly innocent quality in Milne—a sophisticated innocence that refuses to bow the knee to ugliness.

It is always hard for an artist to make a go of it, especially one of Milne's reticent disposition. Even so, almost from the beginning, a perceptive few were greatly taken with his unique gifts. Then, in 1935, the Governor General, Mr. Vincent Massey, an acute and wise judge of art, bought a lot of Milne's pictures. This was splendid encouragement at a crucial stage. Yet more valuable, soon after, the knowing, selfless Douglas Duncan of the Picture Loan Society in Toronto, became Milne's amanuensis extraordinary. Henceforth the painter was able to live in that modest, dedicated, often solitary, way which was the climate his work had to have.

Milne was a relentless individualist, of course. The free being, full master of himself, was the sole definition of man that made sense to him. So naturally he couldn't abide the many mass influences of our age. Millions of people, night after night, electing to listen to the same radio program—that seemed very odd; publications avowedly out to please all manner of tastes—the idea was almost obscene. Unions? So they had helped to assuage the injustices of nineteenth century capitalist society? His retort: those union members had traded their liberty for the bondage of automen. He'd managed. Why couldn't others? Even the Canadian painting societies irked him. How could true artists herd together like so many animals?

There is talk these days of a Canada Council to aid artists. Milne was writing to Buchanan of the Massey Report recommendations for a new National Gallery building and an Arts Council: "We already have the old N.G. building, and that is the best argument for a new one. An Arts Council, that is quite different. We have not an old one to trade in. Even I am not too sure about it for Canada. A N.G. for the benefit of the people, and only in-



Check up on summer
to protect against winter

Summer can be rough on those beautiful trees that are the joy of your outdoor living room. Storms, drought, insects weaken trees. Then the weight of winter's ice and snow adds to the damage.

An annual checkup at this time of year is good protection. Davey men cable and brace weakened forks, prune away dead wood and catch any trouble while it is in early stages.

Feeding now will give your trees a quicker comeback from summer damage and will make them more beautiful next summer.

Davey men are schooled to recognize and treat all the many ailments which affect trees. Their techniques are efficient and their equipment the most modern in the business. You will appreciate the skill, proficiency and economy that have earned Davey its national reputation. If you can't find "Davey Tree Service" in your phone book, write to—

DAVEY

TREE EXPERT COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

10 JETHRO ROAD, BEVERLEY HILLS P. O., ONTARIO • CHERRY 1-7191

70 CARLING STREET, LONDON • 3-9943

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST TREE SAVING SERVICE IN THE WORLD

MARTIN L. DAVEY, Jr., PRESIDENT

cidentally and in a minor way for painters and sculptors—that is sound. But an Arts Council for the encouragement of art (and so artists) is something entirely different. Artists are hard to encourage. That is because freedom is their very life, and if they lose it, they have no reason for being. If an artist can be advised, directed, coerced (I almost added, encouraged) he is no artist at all—better shoot him."

An out-size intellectual curiosity was another salient quality. Whenever a topic interested Milne, he had to probe it to the absolute bottom, no matter the cost. It was a facet of his obsession for the entire truth. Let's say the talk was on art. You enjoy El Greco? Why do you like him? What pictures of his do you like especially? For what reasons? "No, no. Be more precise." Needling, teasing, he kept on inquiring why, why, and he never ceased learning. It was a personal elixir which made even his most recent work vital, bursting with fresh surprise.

And, as you would expect, Milne was a perfectionist. He would stare motionless at a page of blank white paper hour after hour. Then, each detail at last just so in his mind, he would go to work like a possessed person. Sometimes he would do as many as forty versions of the same subject, and afterwards destroy unacceptable ones (that is to say, most of them) relentlessly. Immediacy, the capture of the eternal moment—these were his invariable aims. Or, to quote him, "The thing that makes a picture is the thing that makes dynamite—compression. It's not a fire in the grass; it's an explosion. Everything must hit at once."

He was forever seeking an appearance of effortless simplicity. ". . . a feeling of ease, freedom; the lack of it bothers me in any of the arts. Weight-lifting opera singers, over-earnest writers, over-emphasis in pictures, these throw me out, stop the flow of things . . ."

There's no doubt in my mind Milne believed he had a calling. But he also believed all of God's children had a calling of one kind or another. The really black sin, perhaps the only unforgivable one, was the failure to use, faithfully and well, such talents as an inscrutable Deity had doled out. Creation—contributing as best one could, to the storehouse of civilized man—was the supreme duty. Milne liked his fellows, but above all he was a self-aware artist, with a furious concern to create in pictures.

The last time I saw Milne his painting arm was partially paralyzed. Wishing to cheer him, I took along a small bunch of yellow and purple flowers, reminiscent of one of his paintings. Later I was to chide myself on my insensibility. Momentarily, the puckish face brightened. Then a look of awful sadness came over it. The artist knew he could no longer create out of those flowers. To the very end, David Milne never lost his passion for creation.

Letter from Montreal

A Monument for the Mayor?

by Hugh MacLennan

TOWARDS the end of the most tropical summer any Montrealer can remember, the city became slightly fey. A pair of elderly, itinerant Englishmen, impeccable in tropical suits, were overheard in the lobby of a Sherbrooke Street hotel, their voices distinct in the humid silence:

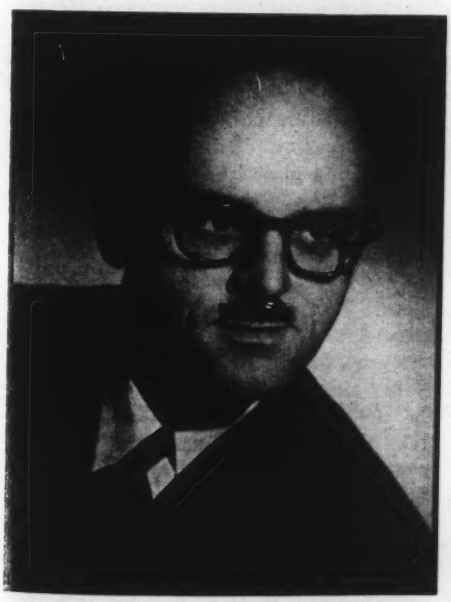
"After all, Jamalpur was worse than this," said one.

"You mean the year old Tommy went off his head?"

"No, no, the year Archie was careless."

Early in August an American tourist is reported to have asked a policeman if Mount Royal was safe for children or whether there were rattlesnakes. During the third hour of a cocktail party in mid-August a rumor spread that a tiger had been seen outside the Mount Royal Club, but had trotted off into the twilight when he saw a member come out the door.

When the rains finally came, no cholera came with them, possibly because the water gushed in torrents down the steep streets and was carried away by the river before it could form into stagnant pools. A friend who lives on upper Peel Street came home that afternoon in a taxi and reports that the torrent nearly swept him off his feet, being at that time and place about eighteen inches deep and flowing with the force of a trout stream in the mountains. The story about the tiger approaching the Mount Royal Club turned out to be unfounded, but the one about the water is literally true; there are pictures to prove it. It is also true that though there was a great deal of polluted water all over the southern areas of Quebec, there were no fatalities from it.



Jean Drapeau: A chance for fame.

A LITTLE while ago Mayor Drapeau cheered us with the news that Montreal is one step closer to having the concert hall promised by himself and Premier Duplessis. For more than six months some of us have been waiting for these two men to get together and keeping our fingers crossed. More was involved than money; the biggest obstacle in the way of a concert hall has always been where to locate it.

The city has three main racial and religious groups, each vitally interested in the hall and eager to contribute towards its success. Some site had to be found convenient to each lest the whole project be spoiled by accusations that one group was being favored at the expense of another. Even worse has been the traffic problem. As the Mayor pointed out, most of the plays and concerts will be held in the late fall, throughout the winter and in early spring when there will be slush or snow on the streets. A great many people will have to come by taxi or private car, and if they use their own cars, where will they park?

For several years interested people have been peering around the city looking for locations much in the way a detective looks for clues to a crime. The place finally selected is so obvious that hardly anyone thought of it until it was announced. It is the area bounded by St. Catherine Street, Jeanne Mance, Ontario Avenue and Bleury, eighty per cent of which belongs to the provincial government. It lies just inside the western boundary of what is loosely called in Montreal the French section. It is just south or southwest of what is called (also loosely) the Jewish section. It lies about a half-mile east of Peel Street where the English section assumes itself, though none too accurately, to begin.

Theoretically, this area should be the easiest of all possible for concert-goers to reach. It will be served by four of the too few east-west avenues—the remodelled Dorchester Street, St. Catherine Street, Ontario and to some extent by Pine. Special entrances will be built to the new square to feed traffic into it, the fine old trees will continue to stand unless destroyed by Dutch elm disease, there will be underground parking facilities which will be in use all year round on a twenty-four hour basis, thus helping to alleviate

SPECIAL PROTECTION

You can't break up the Muskox family circle because when danger approaches, the herd surrounds the young and with lowered heads defy attack. When the older members of the community become too slow they join the young in the centre and, as elder statesmen, enjoy the protection they have earned.

You too, can fully protect your family today and yourself in later years with Crown Life's exclusive low-cost Special Premium Endowment plan which gives your family protection if they need it . . . OR all your money back at age 65 if they don't . . . PLUS, a profit on your investment. For example — if you are a young man 30 years of age:

Annual Deposit	$ 109.05
Immediate Family Protection of	5,000.00
If you live to 65 (return of all premiums)	3,816.75
Plus accumulated dividends*	1,505.00
Total return of premiums and dividends	5,321.75
OR A lifetime monthly income of	36.56
OR Cash at 65 (including accumulated dividends)	1,795.00
Plus $5,000 at 85 (or death if sooner)	

Find out how you can save with S.P.E.

Write today to:

Crown Life Insurance Company,
120 Bloor Street East, Toronto

*Dividends based on current scale, not guaranteed.

ARE YOU A
doctor · accountant
lawyer · engineer
OR OTHER PROFESSIONAL MAN?

If so, SUN LIFE OF CANADA can help you face an uncertain tomorrow.

As a professional man, you have two problems: (1) You are not likely to be under a regular pension scheme, and (2) your professional income stops immediately upon your death. The Sun Life can solve both these problems. The proper life insurance programme will provide a retirement income for you, and protection for your family in the event of your death.

If you are a member of a professional partnership, you will want to learn about Sun Life's Partnership insurance, and the way it protects all members of a partnership—and consequently their families — in the event of death.

Sun Life also provides business life insurance coverage and personal protection for sole proprietors, key men, and members of business partnerships.

With its first policy issued 84 years ago, Sun Life is today one of the great life insurance companies of the world, maintaining branches in key centres with agency representation from coast to coast.

Details are yours without obligation by just mailing the coupon below.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

218 SUN LIFE BUILDING, MONTREAL, QUE.

I have checked (X) the type of insurance coverage that interests me. Without obligation, please send me further particulars.

☐ Professional Man ☐ Key Man
☐ Sole Proprietor ☐ Partnership
☐ Personal Protection

NAME_____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS_____

Date of Birth_____

the chronic traffic congestion and also to pay for the upkeep of the hall.

Although no architectural design has yet been adopted, the Mayor has promised a modern building instead of a monumental one. The contract will probably be thrown open to competition, and most of us expect nothing sensationally original to result. Nor should it, for all successful modern concert halls and theatres follow proved functional lines. The definite stipulation is that the hall itself should have seating capacity for three thousand people, and that the adjoining theatre should have seats for approximately nine hundred. No final estimate of costs has been worked out yet, but the whole project may run as high as eight million dollars.

It is now a year since Jean Drapeau was elected to City Hall by a public tired and sick of the cynicism of old regimes. During that time he has received a good deal of criticism, though little of it has been hostile. People have said he lacks experience and is too apt to run at his fences before he has learned to jump them, that he is too fond of announcing impractical plans which he later has to withdraw, that he speaks before he thinks. But those who know him have never doubted his sincerity, and have wished that a time might come when his regime would be associated in the popular mind with something more important than Pacifique Plante's campaign to stop gambling and drinking after hours.

Yet underneath his naiveté is an understanding of Montreal both shrewd and realistic. Drapeau realizes —as Houde did in the end—that in the materialistic sense Montreal will never be able to compete in the future with Toronto. Her crude days of expansionism are over, and the descendants of the single-minded characters who appalled Samuel Butler seventy-five years ago are a different species from their grandsires. Since the war, Montreal has become the home of some of the most internationally minded people on this continent. Drapeau knows that unless the city takes decisive steps to build on her materialistic past, she will die on the vine. Far more than Toronto, this city is a meeting place of civilizations. In her future a true hybrid type, the most creative type in the human species, may well be produced here.

That is why the decision to build this concert hall is the most important any Montreal mayor has undertaken in the last generation. Not only will it provide outlet for the immense native talent in the city, it will be the first real effective link between the racial and religious groups who respect each other but seldom meet. Hitherto our only common meeting place has been the Forum on hockey nights. If Jean Drapeau does nothing else besides build this concert hall, he will have justified the people who vote for him.

Ottawa Letter

Avoiding the Big Issue in the West

by John A. Stevenson

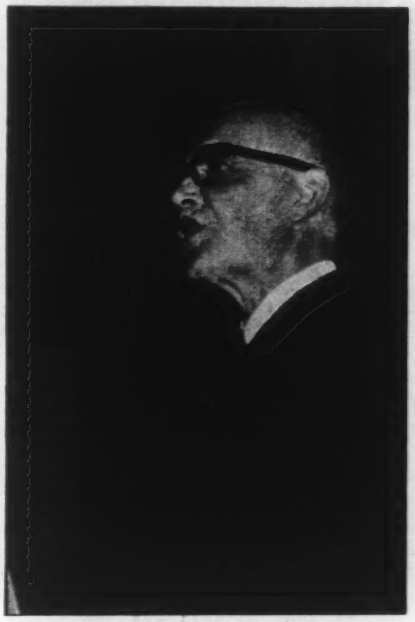
OUR PRIME MINISTER, slightly handicapped by his injured ankle, has made through Western Canada a peregrination which was freely advertised as destined to be a replica of a similar tour undertaken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier more than forty years ago. But the contrast between the two tours was very striking.

In all his speeches during his tour Sir Wilfrid dealt at length with the current national problems and outlined for the education of the public the policies of his party for coping with them. His utterances were reported almost verbatim in all the leading papers of the country. But Mr. St. Laurent during his western pilgrimage has expatiated upon the fortunate lot of the Canadian people and their wonderful present prosperity and has delivered himself of roseate forecasts about their future. He has also discoursed guardedly upon the international situation and professed optimism about its further improvement. The managers of his tour saw to it that he had a chance to play his favorite role of the benevolent "Uncle Louie" to school children. But his speeches were such thin gruel that most of the newspapers did not think them worth a place on their front page and devoted less than a column to each of them.

So far he has made only niggardly references to the problem, which is today agitating the minds of a multitude of western Canadians: what plans his Government has for dealing with the huge glut of Canadian wheat which has accumulated; and how cash is to be extracted from it to give the farmers a reasonable return for their labors and avert a serious crisis for the whole economy of the prairie provinces.

Estimates published by the Bureau of Statistics and private forecasters agree that Canada during the current crop year will have available for export over 800 million bushels of wheat. In each of the last two crop years our exports of wheat as grain or in terms of wheat flour have been slightly in excess of 250 million bushels. Meanwhile, good crops in Europe have lessened her need for imports of grain, and reports from London tell of substantial British purchases of Russian wheat at a price well below the Canadian level.

Surely under such circumstances it was the elementary duty of a Prime Minister, when he was visiting the prairie provinces, to offer his audiences some enlightenment about his Government's views concerning this problem and the plans for its solution. Perhaps the real reason for Mr. St. Laurent's reluctance to embark upon any serious discussion of this grave matter was that his Government has no plan for its solution and has relapsed into an attitude of complete defeatism.



The PM: Complete defeatism?

Meanwhile Mr. Harris, the Minister of Finance, has been preening himself upon the impending realization of the forecast of his Budget speech that the value of our Gross National Production in 1955 would mount to 25¼ billion dollars, but, unless money can be realized from our large western wheat crop, part of that value will only be on paper. And it is now crystal clear that our whole economy will be subjected to a severe strain if the farmers of the prairie provinces persist in growing a huge volume of wheat for which no profitable markets are available.

Mr. Pearson, talking to a conference of the Ontario Young Liberal Association in Kingston, had an educative experience of the pitfalls that await the makers of impromptu speeches upon important problems. Inevitably, the original report of his speech, which credited him with saying that Canada's ties with Washington were now "much stronger and closer than those with London", aroused great consternation not only in Britain but also in his own department at Ottawa. Such a pronouncement has a large germ of truth in it, but its proclamation to the world by the Secretary for External Affairs would have been obviously unwise. Then Mr. Pearson explained that he was the victim of a clumsy piece of reporting and that what he actually said was that "the day to day problems between Canada and the United States were now more numerous and more complicated than those with any other single country, even with Great Britain".

He added that our outstanding constitutional and political problems with Britain had now been satisfactorily settled. This statement was not completely accurate, as the problem of divesting the British Parliament of its trusteeship of Canada's constitution has not been settled and he sidestepped any reference to the problem of our economic relations with Britain, in which the growing disparity in the trade exchanges has created an unsatisfactory situation. Furthermore he said that our position in regard to Britain was now well established, and "rested on history, tradition and mutual regard".

But gratitude was not included in his list of ties. It might have been, if he had ever read a book, *The British Army in Canada*, written by Col. C. P. Stacey, now official historian of the Canadian army. It shows in convincing fashion how for more than a century Britain maintained in Canada a military establishment roughly equivalent to the strength of the regular American army, and spent millions of pounds on fortifications at Halifax, Quebec, Kingston and other places. The huge expense of the Canadian establishment was attacked year after year by radical members of the British Parliament as a waste of money, but both Liberal and Tory Ministries always defended it and refused to reduce it. Moreover they tried in vain to induce our governing authorities to spend some money on defence and organize something more than shadowy militia.

Col. Stacey proves beyond challenge that the British Army and Navy were the protecting shields of Canada in the days of her infancy and that without their protection she would have been swallowed by the United States long before she had matured into a nation. When Disraeli, who owed his political career to the comfortable fortune of his wife, was once chaffed about his steadfast devotion to his Mary Anne, he said, "There is such a word as gratitude"; it should be in Canada's political lexicon.

Next month there will be published a book which will pose some awkward problems for Professor R. MacGregor Dawson, the official biographer of the late Mackenzie King. Entitled *The Age of Mackenzie King*, its publishers are the well-known British firm of Heinemann's, whose Canadian agent is the British Book Service. Its authors are two young Western Canadians, H. S. Ferns and Bernard Ostry, both graduates of the University of Manitoba, who are now on the staff of Birmingham University in England.

Mr. Ferns, as a member of Mr. King's secretariat for a period, acquired a close insight into that statesman's methods and

habits of life. The design of the book is to examine the ideals and motives that animated Mackenzie King, to subject to careful analysis the courses he pursued after his entry into public life, and to make an impartial appraisal of his policies and their consequences for Canada.

In the compilation of the book, the authors have enjoyed the help of some eminent Liberals, who want to keep the historical record of Mr. King's career accurate, and their industry in research has uncovered a great deal of new material, which was either supressed by, or escaped the notice of, such earlier biographers of Mackenzie King as Norman McLeod Rogers, Reginald H. Hardy and Bruce Hutchison.

It is disclosed, for example, that early in 1917, when William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State at Washington and a confirmed pacifist, was working hard to keep the United States out of the First World War, he received from Mr. King, then in the service of the Rockefeller Foundation, a letter of warm encouragement. Mr. King exhorted him to persevere in the good work of preserving the neutrality of the United States in order that his country, having its vast reserves of power unimpaired, should be able to exercise a decisive influence for achieving a settled peace for the world after the nations of Europe had tired of their suicidal conflict. If Mr. King's counsel had prevailed, Germany would have won.

If the contents of this letter, written as it was when the Allies were in sore straits and the resources of Canada were being strained to the limit to maintain her army, had been known here in 1919, Mr. King could hardly have showed his face north of the border. His chances of the leadership of the Liberal party would have vanished.

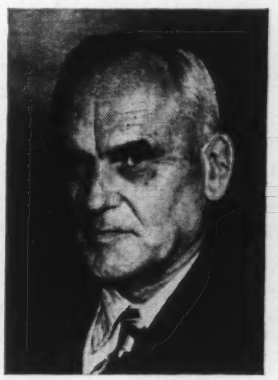
The book also shows that at one period Mr. King, who became such an ardent nationalist, was at one time a vigorous trimmer of his sails to the winds of Imperialism and that this bitter critic of the Union Government formed by Sir R. Borden in 1917 was on record as arguing at an earlier date in a letter that only a bi-party Ministry at Ottawa could hope to run our war effort with efficiency.

The *Canadian Historical Review* in its issue for June published a long chapter of this book, captioned "Mackenzie King in World War I". It seemed to provide just the sort of the ammunition that the Progressive Conservative party would seize upon greedily to embarrass the Liberal party. But only two papers, which support Mr. Drew, the *Winnipeg Tribune* and the *Vancouver Province*, gave any publicity to this deadly exposure of Mr. King's frailties and the rest abstained from any reference to it. So obviously there is vast room for improvement in the section of the Progressive Conservative organization concerned with publicity.

Persona Grata

Second Look at a Legend

A TIRED old man, battered by Opposition onslaughts, brooding over Cabinet betrayals, increasingly petulant and bewildered —a slipping dictator on the eve of retirement and ready at last, perhaps, to look back on the lessons of the past . . . The melancholy picture which rumor has been conjuring-up is confronted by the Right Hon. C. D. Howe as he actually is today, tanned from golf and fishing, sharp eyes under thick eyebrows, briefly amiable and habitually optimistic, looking neither backwards nor very far forwards as he slouches over the immediate problem — the same C.D., in fact, who has been helping to build up Canada and, in the process, his own legend since he arrived in Ottawa as the Member for Port Arthur twenty years ago.



C. D. Howe

The legend of C.D. has impressed itself on the Canadian consciousness with the stamp of "informed", if not official, agreement. It is the legend of a great executive—"the greatest organizer Canada has ever seen" according to H. R. MacMillan, whose opinion carries some weight on this score—single-minded, ruthless, omniscient in his field. It is also the legend of an ignoramus, confused by politics, contemptuous of parliament, impatient of democracy — a lone wolf without political principles. He has been called a fascist in the House of Commons and a more lenient criticism asserts that "he just doesn't know what an Opposition is for".

Now is a good time to take a second look at this legend. For C.D. has survived the marathon debate on his proposed amendment of the Defence Production Act. And he has been preparing a fresh agreement on the much-debated and long-delayed Trans-Canada Pipe Line. Whatever the rights and wrongs of these complex issues, which have largely revolved round his own position, the fact remains that a compromise has been reached in both cases—and C.D. has stuck.

"The word compromise has acquired a somewhat sinister connotation," said Mr. Howe at a recent dinner. "Compromise as a means of conciliation still remains the foundation of good government and good human relations." He cited "a great British statesman" that "all government —indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act —is founded on compromise and barter". Significantly, he chose a gathering of fellow-engineers to quote Burke. And while the Opposition in the Defence Production debate was indulging in lengthy and impassioned recitals of political principle from Plato and Pitt to the *Globe and Mail,* the Minister's contribution was mainly confined to such typical interjections as, "I was never so bored in my life".

No doubt he was anxious to prevent a filibuster. But what does all this indicate? It indicates that Mr. Howe is a better politician, in theory and practice, than he is usually credited with being. Regular in attendance, crisp in exchange, courteous in the lobby, there is nothing in his parliamentary performance which would not recommend him as a democrat in the British House of Commons or the U.S. Congress. The so-called "Howeisms" are only exceptional in a chamber habituated to long-winded pleasantries and artificial controversies. "When people talk nonsense I am apt to say things I wish afterwards I hadn't said." Nor is he indifferent to the merits of Opposition. "We used to have a good one under R. B. Bennett," he remarks — almost nostalgically, for C. D.

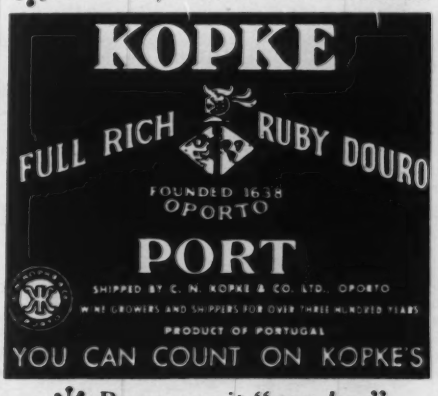
Despite — or possibly on account of—his "Howeisms" he remains a remarkably popular figure. In Ottawa, the leathery geniality, the salty humor, his evident refusal to bear a grudge, his bristling loyalties ("That's not public enterprise—that's *my* enterprise") are, no doubt, genuine traits. They are also valuable political assets. Who can score off a Minister who comes out with wildly inaccurate figures for some debating effect—and then openly tells his staff to make them work out right? Even the much-quoted remark, "What's a million dollars?" may have temporarily embarrassed penny-pinching administrators but it, too, has helped to publicize the stature of a man who is supposedly thinking big in the broader interests of Canadian development.

In the last analysis the political and executive roles are, of course, inseparable. Mr. Howe's influence in the Cabinet and in public life generally depends on his reputation as a departmental administrator. And his effectiveness as an administrator depends on his skill in politics. The ingredients of his reputation as an executive —the capacity to cut through red tape, to pick first-rate men (in most, though not all, cases) and to delegate authority—is based on the backing he receives and the liberties he is able to take. The war help-

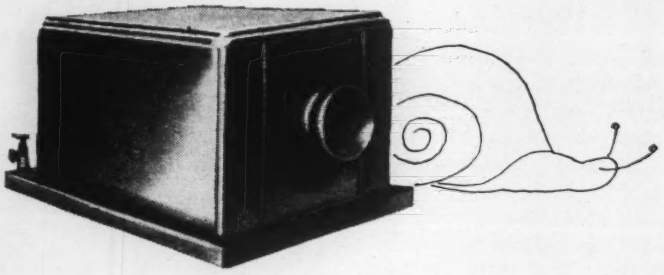
Always specify "SAFETY SEAL" envelopes.
Write us for literature, samples and prices.

NATIONAL
PAPER GOODS LIMITED
HAMILTON ONTARIO
Halifax Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

✻ KOPKE, *the Port with a tradition*



✻ Pronounce it "*cop-key*"



The snail and the greyhound

IF you were suddenly required to use an 1877 or '88 telephone, you would have to switch the single transmitter-receiver awkwardly from ear to mouth. And Long Distance service — though a miracle of speed at the turn of the century — would seem "slow as a snail" today.

But your modern telephone is "sleek as a greyhound". A few smooth turns of the dial and a two-way conversation instantly becomes a personal visit. Before too long you'll be able to dial out-of-town numbers right from your own home or office. Even now, most of our Long Distance operators can dial far-away numbers without benefit of intermediate operators. A central electronic "brain" masterminds in split seconds the fastest routes to millions of telephones all over the continent.

Thus by constant research and invention—and above all, through the loyal services of competent telephone people—we strive to give you the best possible service at the lowest possible cost.

...doing bigger jobs better at lower unit cost

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

ed this development and it is arguable that he has been unduly anxious to preserve the wartime sense of emergency. It is arguable, too, whether it would be, on balance, a good thing for Canada if all Ministers exercised similar powers and methods. There has, in fact, been a tendency for his juniors to imitate the "tough talk" without the saving graces.

He started in government with the advantage of an established reputation in big business and with an exceptional first-hand knowledge of this country. The personal confidence of Canadian business leaders, which he enjoys, helps him to do things—and to get the right man for a specific job — where another government executive, however able, would be impotent. "I felt that if business had to deal with government, to obtain decisions that could be considered arbitrary, business would rather deal with the devil they know than with the devil they don't know," the devil himself put it. In relations with American business leaders he enjoys a personal advantage which is, perhaps, even more fruitful.

Without fuss or furore he works normal hours, dealing with the two Deputies as appropriate in his modest Ottawa offices. "You can only do so much," he once told his staff. "We'll have another crisis tomorrow but that'll be enough for today." At times when another Minister — in a closely but not always harmoniously related Department — is apt to call up various members of this Department, worrying about some detail, Mr. Howe is far more likely to be playing a quiet game of bridge at the end of a full day of quick-fire decisions and few after-thoughts.

Apart from his war service in helping to raise Canada to fourth place amongst the Allied producers, his tangible achievement is largely expressed in the great public companies which have grown up like milestones along his ministerial career —the CNR, which he reorganized, the National Harbors Board and TCA, the various public corporations like Polymer, which arose from war-time needs, sponsored defence companies like A. V. Roe, and Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. Whatever his precise ministerial responsibilities at the moment, they still remain his "babies"—into whose welfare Parliament should be allowed to inquire only on restricted occasions.

The economic policies he has initiated or influenced have not yet been justified by history. He still leads the band, dismissing future difficulties. Unemployment? "A seasonal problem—we've got our plans . . ." It is too early to determine whether he will be remembered primarily as a great executive and organizer. The affection of his civil servants is not necessarily a reliable measure of a Minister's real contribution. The respect of leading contemporary figures in

business only underlines the fact that their careers — and reputations — are linked with his to a great extent. How far have C. D. Howe and his associates created modern Canada from native genius—and how far are they riding the wave, making less than the best out of the immense opportunities? In other circumstances, would C. D. have gone the way of another "great engineer", Herbert Hoover, —or would he have been able, like Carnot, to "organize victory" out of ruin and defeat?

These speculations may be unprofitable —and would seem so to Mr. Howe. What seems clear, however, is that he has played—and is still playing—an outstanding role in the political development of this country. To argue that he might just as well have been a Conservative (he was given his first government job by the Borden administration) is beside the point. It could be as well argued about most, if not all, Liberals today, and vice versa. The charge that he is "the greatest Socialist that Canada has produced" is similarly irrelevant to his political role.

The brilliant graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who became a professor in his early twenties and a millionaire in his thirties, perceived the true nature of the opportunities that lay in front of Canada. He saw that the problem was primarily an engineering one—not only of physical production and development but of binding the country together and balancing the forces in its ramshackle and artificial structure. He also realized that this problem could only be tackled through political action. And Mr. Howe, the New England Yankee, has done much to preserve the independence of this country in the face of logic and doubt.

The acceptance of the engineer in public life and the application of the engineer's "outlook and philosophy" to the highest problems of government are developments which he feels to be altogether fitting and natural—contrasted with the low esteem in which the engineer was held fifty years ago as a mere tradesman. There is great professional pride in Mr. Howe, holding him to office.

After being torpedoed in the "Western Prince" in 1940 and seeing many of his shipmates drown, "It came to my mind," remarked Mr. Howe, "that I was living on borrowed time". Now in his seventieth year, he still acts at times as though he is living on borrowed time—and is still apparently unsinkable. Of Mackenzie King's re-organized cabinet of 1940 he and the Rt. Hon. James Gardiner alone survive. His literary relaxations have been largely confined to "Whodunits". But those forecasting his early retirement may be a little disconcerted to know that Clarence Decatur Howe has recently been relaxing with a *Life* of William Ewart Gladstone.

Take any one of these glorious

OPERAS FOR ONLY $1.00

NO STRINGS ATTACHED! SEND NO MONEY!

Georges Bizet
CARMEN
Carmen ..Cora Canne Meyer
Don Jose .....Leo Larsen
Escamillo ..Gerard Holthaus
Micaela ..Corry van Beckum
and other outstanding artists
A breathtaking performance by one of Europe's outstanding *mezzo-sopranos.*

W. A. Mozart
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO
Figaro ....Siemen Jongsma
Susanna Anneke van der Graaf
Il Conte ....Henk Driessen
La Contessa..Margit Opawsky
and other outstanding artists
A superb new rendition of Mozart's most famous *opera buffa!*

Giuseppe Verdi
LA TRAVIATA
Violetta .....Margit Opawsky
Alfred .....Leo Larsen
Germont .....Henk Driessen
and other outstanding artists
Brimming with immortal music and high drama, here is a production which is pure gold!

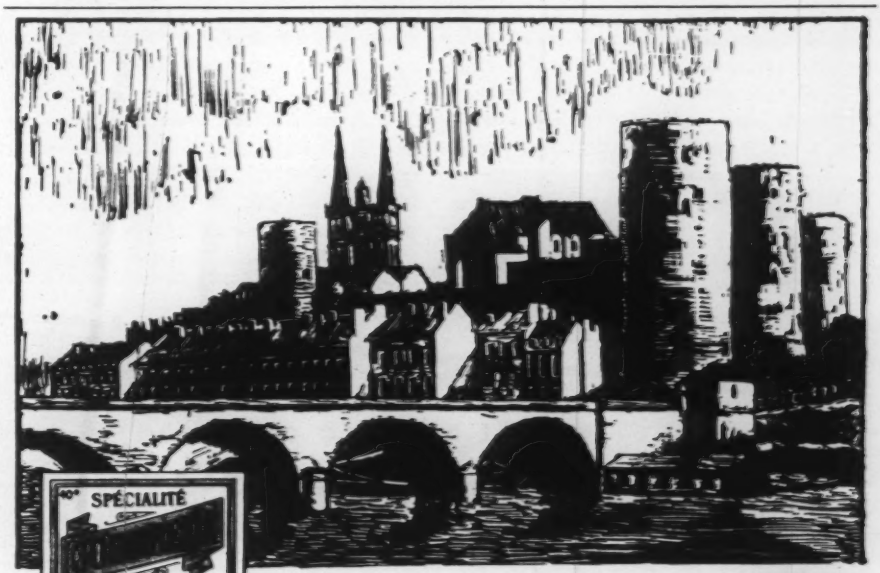
An amazing Demonstration of long-playing (33⅓ RPM) High Fidelity Recordings.

Select ANY ONE of these magnificent opera performances. Audition it FREE in your own home, and if you decide to keep it pay ONLY $1, *no strings attached.*

You'll hear every famous aria, duet, chorus and overture brilliantly re-created by world reknowned artists...approximately *one hour* of glorious music from the opera of your choice. We make this special offer to introduce you to the superb high-fidelity recordings available to members of The Opera Society at tremendous savings.

With your selection you also obtain Trial Membership with full privileges. These include: advance description of all future releases; right to audition any of these *free*, with no obligation to buy. For those you keep pay the Member's low price of only $2.95 per 12" long-playing record; *a saving of almost 40%!* Mail the coupon *NOW!*

THE OPERA SOCIETY, Dept. 10-SN
105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
Send me for FREE audition the recording checked below and enroll me as a Trial Member.
☐ CARMEN ☐ FIGARO ☐ TRAVIATA
After 5 days I will return it or send only $1 (plus shipping). *Privileges:* No purchase obligation *ever!* Monthly advance notice of releases. 5 day free trial on any discs. I may reject any records before or after receipt; may cancel membership at any time. For *future* 12" l.p. discs I keep, I'll pay only $2.95 each plus shipping.
LIMIT: *Only one sample package to a customer.*
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... Prov.
In U.S.A. 45 Columbus Ave., New York 23, N.Y.



In 1849, in the city of Angers, France, ancient capital of Anjou, was born Cointreau . . . the Gem of Liqueurs. Today, inimitable Cointreau is still imported direct from Angers.

The crowning touch to a perfect dinner

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD.,
1500 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.
Please send "The Gourmet's Guide to Dining and Drinking"—FREE.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

COINTREAU LIQUEUR C-8

Sports

For the Hall of Fame

by Jim Coleman

EDOUARD "Newsy" Lalonde, a deceptively mild old gentleman, officially dedicated Canada's "Sports Hall of Fame" in Toronto last month, immediately prior to the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition. Edouard, who, in his more robustious days, was singularly adept at employing a stout length of hickory to remove an opponent's dental crockery, was as solemn as a deacon when he read the dedication script.

As its name would imply, the "Sports Hall of Fame" is a national museum to honor Canada's sports celebrities, past and present. Lalonde, the illustrious newsboy from Cornwall, Ont., qualified as dean emeritus of this institution on the grounds that he had led a Vancouver team to a Dominion lacrosse championship and had played for Montreal Canadiens when they won hockey's Stanley Cup. The choice of "Newsy" to preside over the dedication ceremonies was felicitous in that he combines the French and British blood of our country.

The Sports Hall of Fame wasn't the result of any national compulsion to honor brawn. Rather, it was the brain-child of Bert Powell, the public relations director of the Canadian National Exhibition. Powell reasoned shrewdly that the Hall of Fame could become a device to keep his Exhibition in the news throughout the long winter months when the ferris wheels and the roller coaster are being weathered by winds and snows. Powell might have had something to do with the selection of Lalonde, too, for Powell is an old lacrosse player who came from Winnipeg to Toronto for a Mann Cup Final and remained to moil for eastern gold.

"Newsy" Lalonde (right): happy choice.

As might have been expected, the charter members of the Hall of Fame were those athletes and sportsmen who were selected in the "Poll of the Half-Century", conducted in 1950 by the member newspapers of the Canadian Press. No one could quarrel with the selections but it is possible to quarrel with the very obvious omissions.

Where, for instance, in the Hall of Fame is there a photograph of the man who invented the Hot Dog? Sports in Canada have been sustained by spectator interest and the spectators have been sustained by Hot Dogs. Any really fair-minded observer, after sifting all the facts, must come to the conclusion that the greatest single contribution to sports in this century has been the invention of the Hot Dog. But who knows what has been the fate of this unsung genius who dabbled so successfully in the culinary arts?

Obviously the selection committee for the Hall of Fame hasn't made any earnest effort to explore all the possibilities of this temple of memorabilia. Here are just a few nominations which should be given consideration by the members of the committee before they make additional selections in 1956:

(1) Jean Baptiste Pusie, the terrible-tempered extrovert who once jumped over the boards after a hockey-rink heckler and chased the spectator clear out into the street while still wearing his skates. Jean would have caught him, too, but the fleeing spectator jumped into a taxi and was disqualified for leaving the course.

(2) Atteo Lazaretti, whilom first baseman for the Vancouver Capilanos of the Western International Baseball League. Atteo couldn't hit .300 but he was the most versatile snorer in Organized Baseball. He could snore "Swanee" and when he snored the National Anthem people in the streets outside his hotel window stood at attention with tears as large as light globes rolling down their cheeks.

(3) "The Blow-Back Kid", an authentic race track character who swam clear across the wild Yukon River, after which his admirers presented him with an engraved gold watch. Although he tapped out on numerous occasions, he refused to pawn the lumpy, even to buy food. When, finally, he went to a faster track, they buried him with the watch wrapped in a $100-bill in his pocket.

(4) Jimmy Ball, the Winnipeg middle-distance runner who lost the 1928 Olympic 400-meter championship because he couldn't resist peeking. Right at the finish-line, he turned his head to look for Ray Barbutti of the United States. Bar-

Light hat on a cool head...
the **PLAYBOY**

Here's a miracle of lightness and *cool* comfort—the debonair Stetson Playboy. Style features include a self-edge set off by the narrow band and a fine choice of nature-toned colours. Like all Stetson Hats, it offers *most* in quality, style, craftsmanship and all those other things that represent VALUE.

STETSON Playboy

STETSON HATS

Prices $9.95, $11.95, $15. and up

AQUANIZED STETSON

butti caught him and won the Olympic title because the judges couldn't see Jim's finely-chiselled schnozzle.

(5) Carefree, the aptly-named thoroughbred horse which raced over Canadian tracks for "Brother Bert" Alexandra. On at least two occasions, Carefree rushed into a long lead and then, to the consternation of his jockey and his supporters, pulled himself up and turned to examine his less fleet-footed rivals with contempt.

(6) Wally Brynjolfson, a Victoria schoolteacher and rugger player. In 1923, the famed New Zealand All-Blacks were on tour and were leading Victoria, 63-0. Brynjolfson dropped a goal-in-play for 4 points—the only points scored against the All-Blacks in their tour of the British Isles and Canada. Wales managed to hold them to a 0-0 draw.

(7) Doc Burns, the doyen of Canadian race-track touts, who was born in Wales and who invented the fool-proof method of picking eight-horse parlays by sticking a fork through his program.

(8) Eddie Grant, the Winnipeg football official who was so honest that he bankrupted all loyal Western Canadians in the Grey Cup rugby football final of 1937. Grant called back a Winnipeg touchdown which would have permitted the Blue Bombers to beat Toronto Argonauts. Toronto won, 4-3, and Grant returned to Winnipeg to attempt to make a living by selling life insurance. Poor Eddie.

(9) Michael Lochinvar Levinsky, the unpaid perpetual social secretary to boxing promoter Deacon Jack Allen. Michael is the gentle little fellow who watches all fights through a set of binoculars, blissfully unaware that the binoculars aren't equipped with lenses or prisms. Michael also is the boxing second who gives his fighters the indubitably sound advice to "keep breathing".

(10) Oscar Olafson, who set an all-time Canadian record by drinking 87 cups of coffee at a single sitting in a contest in the courtroom of the St. Boniface police station. The contest was supervised by the late Sgt. John Verne and Oscar was permitted to sleep off the effects in the most comfortable cell in the building.

(11) Jockey Fleming, the Montreal ticket-scalper, whose only mount is the lamp-post against which he leans on the corner of Peel and St. Catherine Streets. The Jockey is reputed to have sold a pair of "hot" hockey tickets to Mayor Camillien Houde. When His Worship reached the Forum, he discovered that he had bought his own season tickets for a box near centre-ice.

(12) The little dog that, invariably, runs out on the field at crucial moments in the Grey Cup final.

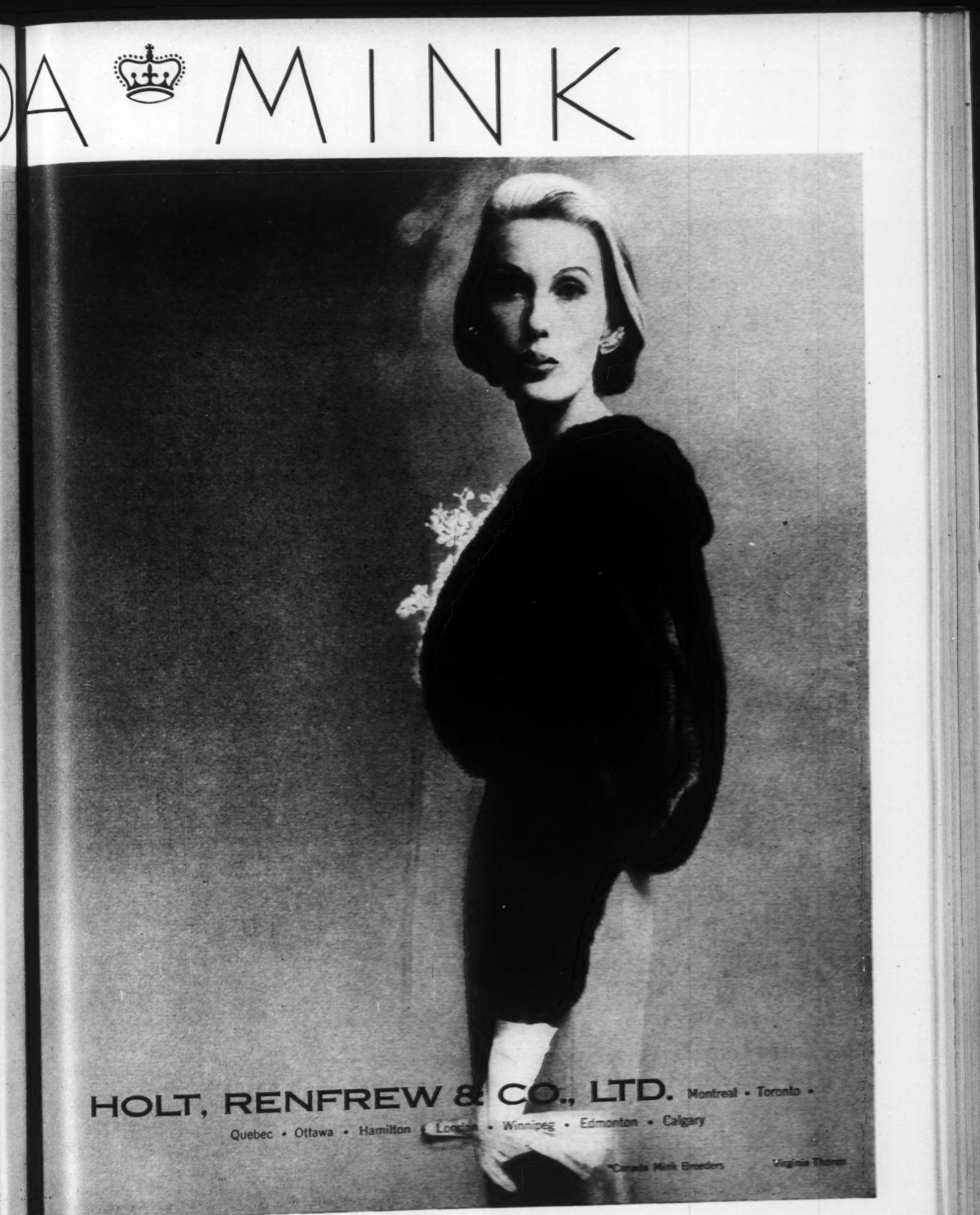
These are just a few suggestions for the members of your selection committee, Mr. Powell. Please see to it that these omissions are rectified before next year.

Matinée

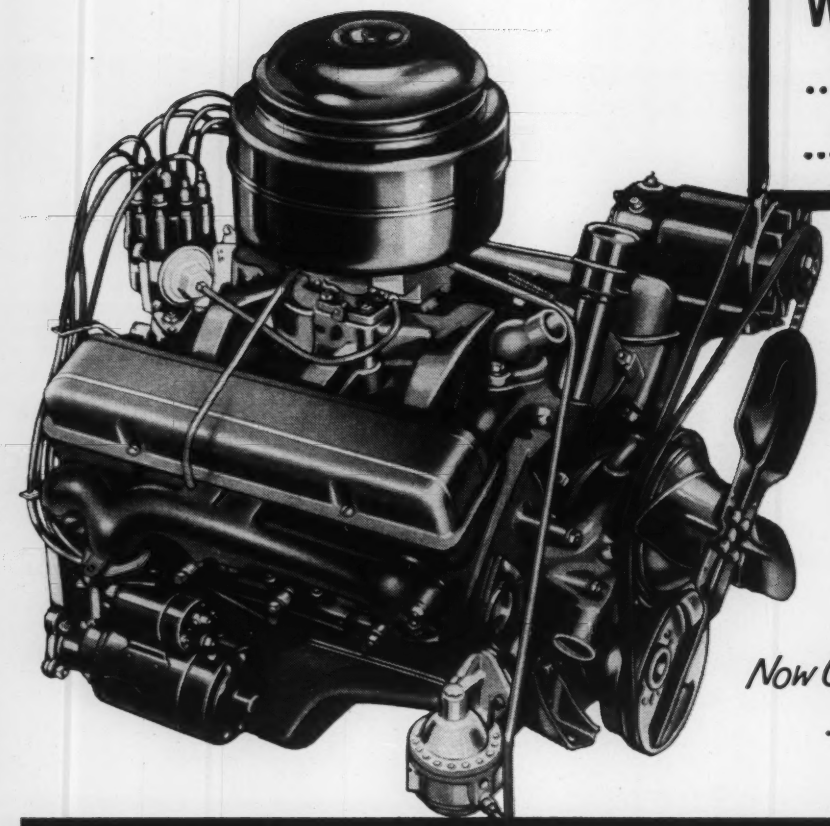
...A SELECT FILTER-TIP CIGARETTE...FOR NEW SMOKING ENJOYMENT

CANADA

MAJESTIC* trademark for the deep, silken luxury of this natural dark ranch mink, famous product of Canada, treasured by fashionables everywhere. Splendid beauty spot for day or evening costumes, the stole at the left, the bolero at the right.


A MINK
HOLT, RENFREW & CO., LTD. Montreal • Toronto •
Quebec • Ottawa • Hamilton • London • Winnipeg • Edmonton • Calgary
Canada Mink Breeders
Virginia Thorne

Here now...all new GMC V8's!



With new shorter stroke ...new power...new life ...and new economy!

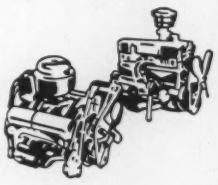
Yes, GMC's long-famous reputation for superior power plants is zooming to new heights. Now, with these all new valve-in-head V8's, GMC presents the most modern, ultra-efficient truck engines on the road. Just look at the features! New shorter stroke, ultra-high compression ratios, 12-volt ignition, full pressure lubrication, and more efficient cooling system. Want more power at less cost—longer working hours with less service? Then see your GMC dealer now about this magnificent new line of V8 engines—greatest in the trucking industry!

Now GMC offers you a choice of V-8 or 6 ...right up to the 9700 series!

...And check these other important GMC features

FIRST WITH HYDRA-MATIC TRANSMISSION IN TRUCKS

Here's the modern way to shift. Automatically, Hydra-Matic cuts down driver fatigue and promotes longer engine life.



WIDEST CHOICE OF ENGINES IN THE BUSINESS

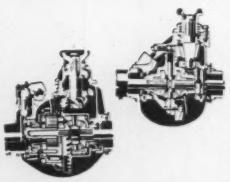
With GMC you can get exactly the type and amount of power you need for any job.

NEW DRIVE LINE

Hotchkiss Drive delivers engine power more efficiently to the axle—and protects the frame from power and braking shock.

WIDEST CHOICE OF REAR AXLES

GMC lets you tailor the power at the wheel with the greatest choice of axles in the industry.



FULL LENGTH FRAMES

New parallel-design frames, with larger side members, give greatly added strength and protection.

BLUE CHIP '55 GMC TRUCKS

GMC

The greatest name in trucks

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Books

What the Novelists are Doing

by Robertson Davies

FOR FULLY thirty years, Wyndham Lewis has been a name of fear in the literary world. He has not been a popular writer, even in the best sense of that ambiguous description, but he has attracted loyal and determined admirers who have described his works as masterpieces; the breadth of his genius, the fury of his satire, the lean beauty of his style — all have been fervently praised; the public has been rebuked for neglecting him; his own disdainful refusal to truckle to the base multitude has been lauded, as if he were some literary Coriolanus. Always an easy prey to adjuration of this sort, I approached his latest work, called *Self Condemned,* on my knees, so to speak; I had read his earlier novels and had not liked them, but I determined to read this one with a cleansed and contrite heart. But, alas, I find myself in the position of the child in *The Emperor's New Clothes;* the grandeur which is so apparent to my elders and betters continues to elude me.

The story tells of a professor of history, René Harding, who gives up his position in England and comes to Canada. Or rather, in the expressive language of the publisher's blurb, he "exiles" himself to Canada; he and his wife live in an apartment hotel in a city called Momaco for three years during the war; they are miserable; but gradually he makes an uneasy peace with the raw, detestable new country, and this affronts his wife, who commits suicide, rather than face the future in the New World.

Undoubtedly there will be some of my readers who will say that I think poorly of this book because it is unpleasant about Canada, but I honestly do not think that this is so. A good sousing satire on Canada would be a fine thing; but the Momaco of Mr. Lewis's atrabilious description is not like anything in Canada, or perhaps in the world. It exists only in the bleak waste land of his imagination. Mr. Lewis spent some time in Canada during the war, painting portraits and sniffing the incense which was liberally burned by the nobility and gentry at his shrine; if he really found it anything like Momaco I am heartily sorry for him.

Yet it is not the peculiarity of the point of view which makes it impossible for me to like this book. It is the boring quality of the writing, the flat-footedness of the prose, the lack of climax in the construction. It reads as though it had been written in lemon juice, with a rusty nail, on a piece of tin. In satire, in bitterness of heart it is still possible to write with some

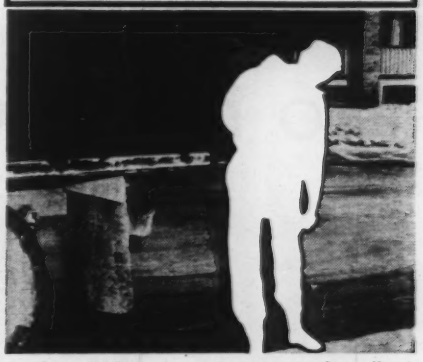
Wyndham Lewis: Self portrait.

grace, but this book plods remorselessly on for more than 400 pages, leaving this reader, at least, dispirited and exhausted.

Frederic Prokosch is primarily a poet, and his novels have the economy and freshness of vision which distinguishes good poetry. In *A Tale For Midnight* he takes a plot which has already engaged the attention of a very great poet; this is the story of the Cenci, and curiosity led me to re-read Shelley's play, and particularly his preface to the play, after I had read the Prokosch treatment of it. Shelley's tragedy is not a very good work for the stage; he modelled it on Elizabethan tragedy, and unfortunately chose to copy mannerisms which are tiresome

Frederic Prokosch: A tale of horror.

A MAN'S ale



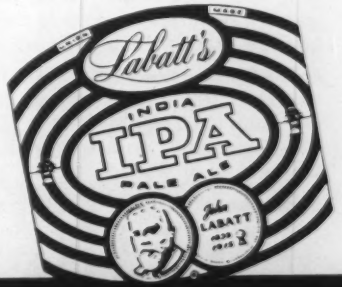
"A job like mine takes it out of you"

with BODY in it

"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," *says Frederick Gilbert, Wexford, Ont.*

If you're the kind of man who craves a *real* man's ale—an ale with *real* body and flavour to it —you're ready for IPA. Frederick Gilbert has a man-size job, and a man-size taste in ales. His ale is Labatt's IPA. Make it yours, too.

Find out about IPA . . . *the ale that satisfies the man in you!* Make the great discovery as soon as possible—try IPA next time you're at your favourite hotel or tavern, or next time you order ale for the home. Start enjoying the ale with body . . . flavour . . . ZEST! The man's ale—IPA!



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

Fly the Family to Europe... at Reduced Fares

via luxurious

TCA Super Constellation

Finest . . . Fastest . . . Most Frequent Flights

What a wonderful idea! Christmas in Britain or Europe . . . either with the home folk or amidst the gay festivities of Old World capitals . . . a never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

And what wonderful luck! New TCA Trans-Atlantic Family Fares combine with low Off-Season Fares to give you rock-bottom reductions on finest, fastest trans-Atlantic travel. You're there overnight – plenty of time to visit during the school vacation.

Free TCA stopovers let you see the most places on one ticket! Switch routes coming back . . . see Scotland en route to London and Ireland returning. See 8 old-world cities on a trip to and from Rome. (TCA books you in Canada to any place in the world.)

Book space early! For TCA Super Constellation is the most sought-after accommodation across the Atlantic. Choice of luxurious First Class or comfortable, economical Air Tourist.

SAVE WITH FAMILY FARES

Under TCA Trans-Atlantic Family Fare plan only one (husband or wife) pays full fare. Partner and children between 12 and 25 each get $300 reduction for First Class round trip, or $200 reduction for Air Tourist Round Trip. Children under 12, half fare. Children under 2 (in arms) 10% of normal fare.

SAVE WITH OFF-SEASON FARES

Lower Off-Season Fares for round-trip travel effective November 1st – March 31st.

Sample Savings: **TORONTO-LONDON round trip Husband, Wife, and 12-year-old-child**

First Class — Normal Round Trip Fare	$2,219.40
With Family Fare & Off-Season Reduction	$1,490.40
SAVING . . .	**$729.00**
Air Tourist — Normal Round Trip Fare	$1,653.00
With Family Fare & Off-Season Reduction	$1,115.00
SAVING . . .	**$538.00**

GOING FOR CHRISTMAS? Be sure to book early!

See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office, or local TCA Office —

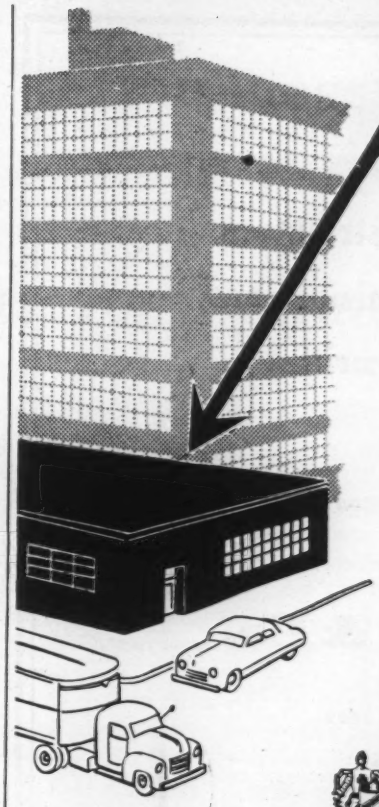
TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

in the Elizabethans and intolerable in later writers. Yet there are fine things in *The Cenci*. Shelley chose to make the mainspring of his play the incestuous love of Francesco Cenci for his daughter Beatrice; Prokosch leaves us to guess whether this was a real passion, or merely an excuse which Beatrice's lawyer fabricated in order to justify a particularly revolting patricide. The facts about the Cenci case are not very easily accessible; it is known that in 1599, under the papacy of Clement VIII, Count Francesco Cenci was murdered at the instigation of his daughter Beatrice, his two sons, and his second wife Lucretia; evidence at the trial showed that Cenci was detestably cruel and lustful; but the Pope refused to interfere on behalf of the murderers, who were executed. Prokosch's treatment of this bloody tale makes excellent reading.

He has chosen to tell it in a straightforward manner, without attempting to delve into the psychology of the characters. In this he was no doubt wise, for he would not be justified in treating them wholly as creations of his own, and the evidence available is not enough to tell us much about the workings of their minds. We see them, so to speak, from outside and from a distance. He has not attempted to make Beatrice attractive, and his was a real sacrifice, for she was young and beautiful. Perhaps the most human of the principal characters is the bemused, rather stupid Countess Lucretia. Prokosch has, as his title promises, told us a tale of horror and told it with poetic sweep and dramatic effect.

It is rather a shocker, and the torture scenes are alarming. Again, I must repeat that he achieves his effects like a poet; he does not overwhelm us with details of torture, and the subjective agonies of the tortured; he sets down a few facts, and leaves the rest to the reader. He tells quite enough, but no more. This is a curious novel, not for everybody's taste, but a success in its way, and a wonderful tonic for readers who have had a surfeit of novels in which there is a welter of detail. Prokosch gains his ends with a few firm, brilliant strokes and leaves us as much the judges of the Cenci as Moscato the Roman Vicar, or Pope Clement himself.

Aldous Huxley has apparently arrived at one of those crises which occur in the life of every considerable writer, when a number of critics decide that he should be taken down a peg. Unhappily his last novel, *The Genius and The Godess,* makes this process only too easy. It is on a theme familiar to his readers, for it played a part in *Point Counter Point;* it is the tonic effect of physical love, and its association with grief. In this last book, the philosopher, Henry Maartens, is sick unto death; his beautiful wife, Katy, has been successful before in bringing him back from the grave by the greatness of her spirit; but this time Katy is depleted by the death of



Small firms too, need

GROUP WELFARE PLANS

Dominion Life Group Welfare plans are low in cost and easy to administer. They are designed to meet the needs of your organization, whether it be large or small. Find out today how our plans will solve your Group Welfare problem, efficiently and economically.

FOR DETAILS WRITE OUR GROUP WELFARE DEPARTMENT

Dominion Life
THE ASSURANCE COMPANY
Since 1889
HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONTARIO

W15-M

SHRUBS

FOR FALL PLANTING

The Beauty Bush (Kolkwitzia) is of a graceful habit with masses of pink flowers in June.

		Each
BEAUTY BUSH	18-24 in.	$1.80
FORSYTHIA SPRING GLORY	2-3 ft.	.90
PHILADELPHUS VIRGINAL	2-3 ft.	.90
SHERIDAN RED BARBERRY	18-24 in.	1.40
SILVERLEAF DOGWOOD	18-24 in.	1.40
GOLDEN PHILADELPHUS	18-24 in.	2.00
HYBRID LILACS in variety	2-3 ft.	3.60

For complete list with descriptions of Shrubs, Evergreens, Trees, Roses, and Perennials, send for Illustrated CATALOGUE. *Free on request.*

A LANDSCAPE SERVICE

THE SHERIDAN NURSERIES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: P.O. Box 181, Islington, Toronto 18.

SALES STATIONS:
2827 Yonge St. at Strathgowan, Toronto.
Lakeshore No. 2 Highway at Clarkson, Ont.
Queen Elizabeth Way at Evans Ave., Toronto.
5975 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal, P. Que.

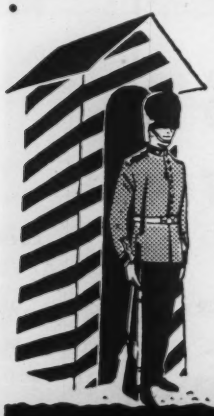
Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.



When it's a question of keeping things safe...

rent a Safety Deposit Box from the Bank of Montreal!

"MY BANK" TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS

B of M

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Toronto · Montreal · Hamilton · London
Winnipeg · Regina · Calgary · Vancouver

her mother; in the words of her colored cook, the virtue has gone out of her. So she regains this mystic virtue by a love-affair with Maarten's assistant and disciple, a puritanical young man called John Rivers. The end of the affair is bloody and gratuitous in the familiar Huxley manner, but without the familiar Huxley grace.

What has happened to Aldous Huxley? His prose has grown oddly shaggy; he misquotes one of his own favorite quotations from Blake. Is it because he is writing in the character of John Rivers? If so, it is the first time that Huxley has created a supposedly learned man who is so inept in his expression. Much of the book is written in a lingo which we are apparently expected to accept as the speech of an educated American; Huxley has no talent for this sort of intellectual fancy-dress.

Yet it is a pity that this lapse has led certain critics to drop him so heavily. Angus Wilson, for instance, in the pages of *Encounter*, has written in terms of patronage of Huxley, describing him as a writer who delighted him when he was fifteen, but who would not be likely to please a critical fifteen-year-old today. This is a bit steep; the time for the jackals to descend upon the lion is after the lion is dead, not when the lion is momentarily asleep. Huxley is a mere sixty, and he will write fine books again. If he does not do so, it will be an occasion for grief, and not for mean exultation.

Self Condemned, by Wyndham Lewis—pp. 407—*Methuen—$3.50.*

A Tale For Midnight, by Frederic Prokosch—pp. 354—*Little Brown—$4.50.*

The Genius And The Goddess, by Aldous Huxley—pp. 128—*Clarke Irwin—$1.50.*

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"PRICES have sure gone up," said the old man, "and there's all those new-fangled machines, but I doubt if we farmers are any better off." I nodded: that could go for city folk too. "Yes," he went on, "I remember when a pig cost me two dollars more than a sheep, and a calf two dollars more than a pig." "That sounds cheap," I commented. "We didn't think so," he assured me. The old man pondered a moment, chewing the stem of his ancient pipe. "That was the time I bought some calves, some sheep and some pigs, forty-seven altogether," he continued, "and there was as many more pigs than calves as the number of sheep I could have got for eighteen dollars." He paused and scratched his head: "but dang me if I haven't forgotten how much I spent on them, but I know it was the same amount on each sort of beast." He'd forgotten, but maybe you can figure out the total amount. *Answer on Page* 38.

Business

Opportunities for Canadians in Mexico

by T. B. Irving

THE PESSIMISTS have predicted ruin for Mexico ever since the oil industry was expropriated by President Cárdenas two decades ago, but the country continues to grow. Before the war, Mexico had 18 million people, and now she is crowding 30 million. The diehards claimed she would soon not feed herself, but 1954 saw the biggest crop of all time.

The most important result of the oil expropriation was that pipelines, instead of running down to the docks at Tampico, now go up to the centre of the country, to the refineries at Mexico City and Salamanca, and the country has fuel to satisfy the growing needs of transportation, industry and the home. Asphalt is used for the network of highways, which are giving Mexico a greater and healthier unity than ever. Even in agriculture, the country's basic and most important industry, cheap fuel means pumps and thus irrigation for areas which previously were unproductive.

Mexico is also rapidly becoming a land of finished and semi-finished products, and not just a producer of raw materials as she was when the Spaniards left her. In the import picture, things are changing; now Mexico buys abroad not merely consumers' goods, as does Central America, but those which will help her industrial and social development. Refrigerators and gas stoves, for instance, which used to be imported, if they were used at all, are now generally made in Mexico.

The chief imports from Canada are powdered milk, eggs, purebred cows, whisky, photographic film, harvesters, plows, tractors, wire, machinery and belts, paper, asbestos, cyanide, steel and other metals. Machinery, agricultural implements and diesel engines for irrigation will all help develop the country.

The export picture means taking advantage of the skill, craftsmanship and cheap labor available. Every bank in Mexico is conscious of the fact that to keep the *peso* strong, the country must export; she must improve her markets and methods, goods and services—especially the latter.

At present the chief exports to Canada are coffee, which is growing in importance as a crop, chicle, which is declining, pineapple fruit and juice, early tomatoes, meat, shrimp, peanuts and cotton. Cotton has become a crop of first importance almost overnight in the irrigated sections of the north, where they have been looking over the border and seeing what the Gringos are doing with the land they conquered in 1847. Sugar is another new and major crop.

Temperate fruits such as apples, pears and peaches can be grown at the higher altitudes, but few people seem to know how to rely on fertilizers, grafting and such methods. Someone from the Niagara peninsula who has just sold his farm for a subdivision would make another fortune if he could develop a fund of patience and find a way to lease (not buy) land in Mexico.

Tractors come from Canada.

The packing of meat, fish and similar perishables is another growing industry. Since meat is an item of prime necessity, the politicians have moved in with permits and inspection points, ostensibly to see that it is in healthy condition, but practically to put a "bite" on the producers at various places. Hence meat is high priced in Mexico City, while the quality is inferior. Canning and freezing may be one way to simplify its distribution at reasonable prices, and cut out inspection at so many points.

Frozen fruit and fish are another possibility, especially when the growing tendency to buy in the supermarkets takes with all classes of the population, as it will. The decline of the domestic servant is quite visible, for who wants to drudge from six in the morning till ten at night when he can work in a factory and be free in the evenings and on weekends? Or who will toil the same long hours as a washerwoman when she can have the dignity of working as an employee in a new laundry?

Even the cook is disappearing as new "super-cocinas" are taking over in each block, selling whole prepared meals which can be carried away in a skyscraper lunch pail, dessert in the bottom and soup on top. The social pattern is changing radically; instead of servants are services, giving a new tone to all of society. Many Mexicans are bewildered by this trend, but it is opening up whole new markets in processing.

Mexico is a good place for capital investment if you do not walk in blindfold. For one thing, bank interest is 2 to 3 per cent a month, so partners are welcome. However, only 49 per cent of the capital of any company may rest in foreign hands, and this means finding sleeping partners.

The three million people in the capital make a good urban market whose purchasing power is increasing. Perhaps the biggest opportunity is in working out how cottage industries, like pottery, weaving and jewellery, may meet mass supply without harming their handicraft. This again means concentrating on supplying goods and services, especially the latter.

Almost every state is different, for Mexico is a federation like Canada or the United States. Whole new regions are opening up. Lower California and the long U.S. border district are booming, for they have picked up new farming methods.

Mexico, though modern, is still a frontier region. The government is stable and realizes that purchasing power must be kept up by good wages and opportunities, and not through the exploitation of peasants and miners. The country is changing rapidly to something which other North Americans can understand.

Government of Canada
Bonds and
Treasury Bills
Provincial and
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED
Established 1901
Toronto Montreal
New York London, Eng.

Outlook For The Stores

THE future prospects for the departmental and variety stores, the post-war changes which have taken place in the retail industry, and a review of four leading companies, form the subject of our current monthly bulletin.

Also included is a *Portfolio for Income and Growth.* This is a selection of sound securities of interest to the conservative investor, comprising bonds preferred and common shares.

A copy of September Bulletin will be mailed upon request.

Ross, Knowles & Co. Ltd.
MEMBERS:
The Toronto Stock Exchange
The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada
25 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO
EMpire 8-1701

Gold & Dross

Ford Motor

I would like to buy 100 shares of Ford stock to be offered on the open market this fall. Can you tell me if this stock will be on the Canadian market, and if so, would you consider it a good investment? —T.R.H., Victoria.

WE presume you are referring to the projected public offering of shares in the Ford company in the U.S. by the Ford Foundation. If, as, and when this is made, it is extremely doubtful if any shares will be offered in Canada. However, that does not stop a Canadian from buying through his broker. There is nothing to prevent Canadians buying U.S. securities.

From talk in the financial community, you would probably have to get in line. Interest in Ford shares which might be sold is high and top investors in the U.S., like pension funds, would probably get in early.

As an investment, Ford shares cannot be accurately evaluated. The company is private and therefore there is little information available. Public offering would entail submitting a prospectus which would include all the data necessary to evaluate the worth of shares. Naturally the price at which such shares are sold will be an important consideration.

The only thing you can do is wait.

Moore Corp.

Do you consider Moore Corp. to be a long-range investment at its present price? —J.M.P., Toronto.

MOORE Corp. is a major holding company with widespread interests in Canada and the U.S. Its subsidiaries make a variety of business forms, paper boxes and other paper products for use in industry. By far the greatest part of its business is in the U.S. (almost 90 per cent), although its head office is Toronto.

So far this year, business is up over 1954 when sales amounted to almost $90 million and profits to $6.2 million, equal to $2.87 on each common share. The company's prospects are tied closely to general business conditions in the U.S. Since it supplies the paper products to make business wheels turn smoothly, the faster industry is moving the more products Moore Corp. subsidiaries can sell.

The company confidently expects that 1956 will be better than 1955 and certainly all signs point to this occurring. From an investor's standpoint Moore Corp. common is a relatively high-grade issue. At the current price of $38.50, it yields a little better than 3 per cent on the basis of an annual dividend rate of $1.20 (U.S. funds). The shares have sold as high as $42 and low as $31.75 earlier this year.

This low yield in relation to income available from investments in bonds doesn't make the stock a particularly attractive buy. However, growth of industry and increasing need for the products made by Moore Corp. indicate steady development in the company's earnings and the stock price may be accounting for eventual higher dividends.

Isotope Products

Are there any dividends likely in the immediate future for Isotopes Products? What are the short and long-term prospects?—M.R.M., Ottawa.

ISOTOPE Products Ltd. carries the romance of the atomic age. It is a small company in a new field which applies the findings of atomic scientists to industrial use. It was formed in 1950 by a group of men with scientific know-how picked up by working at Chalk River, Canada's centre of atomic research and development.

The company has developed practical applications of radio-active isotopes. These are used for measuring jobs like coatings on paper. Such instruments are required to an increasing extent in many industries where products must be checked closely.

Isotope Products has several Canadian branches and has offices in Buffalo and an interest in a company in Texas. Its customers include such major firms as the Interprovincial Pipe Line and the U.S. Corps of. Engineers. Recently its U.S. branch obtained an order worth $100,000 for special installations of radio-active measuring equipment.

Last year, the company improved considerably financially. Net profit was $25,627, compared with $2,275 in the previous year and financial position was stronger.

Isotope shares are traded over-the-counter and are in a $6 to $6.50 range. No dividends are paid and are likely a long way off as the company concentrates on expansion. Sales have doubled every year since the company's formation and business is growing rapidly.

To a great degree, the success of such a company depends on the scientific ability of its management. In this case, the "know-how" of its management is considered excellent by outsiders. In addition, the company has had the financial backing and business experience of John Labatt Ltd.

Isotope shares should be considered speculative. But to an investor who has spare cash he wants to put into a long-shot, the company's common stock offers

considerable appeal. The stock won't bounce around like a speculative mining issue, but can easily climb steadily as atoms for industry become big business.

Abaska Uranium

Do you consider the purchase of Abaska Uranium a prudent speculation? Or can a speculation ever be called prudent?—M. D., Halifax.

If Abaska Uranium proves up enough ore to secure a government contract, its shareholders will be saying: "I told you so." If it doesn't, they will simply rank with the great body of mining hopefuls who have been losers. The answer is buried under the rocks. Maybe the ore is there. Maybe it isn't. Maybe the drills will find it. Maybe they won't.

The element of prudence depends on whether you are right. Quemont once sold at two cents a share and the only person reputed to have bought it at that price was a Chinese laundryman, who was afterwards said to have shot himself when it went to $10. He sold out at $1.

Hudson Bay

About three years ago, I bought Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting around $53. Meanwhile the market subsided and the extra $1 a year has been discontinued, but the stock has advanced to the $70 range. Noranda is more diversified. Would you recommend switching some Hudson Bay into Noranda?—L. S., Winnipeg.

UNDER the impetus of higher prices for copper, zinc and silver, earnings of Hudson Bay M & S should recover this year to the order of those enjoyed when the company was paying the $1 extra yearly in addition to the $1 quarterly rate. Company policy has been to distribute nearly all earnings, although this might be modified because of financial requirements for the Wellgreen property in the Yukon, a prospective producer.

Depth work at the main mine at Flin Flon has so far not been rewarding, but the chances are still open. Meanwhile, the company has 12 to 14 years' ore reserves and these are probably calculated with ultra-conservatism. The financial position is exceptionally strong.

Noranda has enjoyed much more market appreciation than Hudson Bay, but the market may be taking too optimistic a view of the company's future. Operations are diversified: gold-copper mining, copper refinery, copper fabrication, iron-sulphur, and investments in gold and copper properties, the latter via subsidiaries, which feed ore to the Noranda smelter and copper refinery.

The refinery is the third largest in the world and has been enlarged to accommodate the output of the Gaspé mine, to which Noranda has advanced $40 million.

behind all big companies . . . . there are women.

Look at the list of shareholders of any big business and you will see that a surprising number are women.

Years ago we realized the importance of women investors and opened a department to provide them with investment information. During the years, this department has grown to be a vital part of our business. Women customers rely upon us for advice concerning their investments. We analyze their portfolios, evaluate securities, give bond and stock quotations and assist in every way we can.

This Department is at the service of all women investors. Write, phone, or call in at our nearest office.

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont. Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria London, Eng. New York Chicago

Wood, Gundy & Company Limited

FREE

THE CUMCO CORPORATION LIMITED

W. M. CUMMINGS, President
330 Bay Street, Suite 207, Toronto, Canada

Dear Sirs:

I would be obliged if you would mail me, without obligation, full information on Monpre Uranium Exploration Limited, and the undermentioned items as checked off in the margin.

Check here:

1. Copy of "The Importance of Uranium in Our World Economy", Revised.
2. Locality map of: ☐ Beaverlodge ☐ Blind River ☐ Marian River (check name of mining camp).
3. Up-to-date information on ..... (fill in name of mining or oil company).

Name .....

Address .....

Province ..... Telephone .....

NOTE: Maps and brochure are being prepared in limited number. To avoid disappointment act promptly. Monpre Uranium Exploration Limited is a speculative security.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 8

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty cents (30¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 15th October, 1955 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21st September, 1955.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
G. G. WOODWARD,
Assistant Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
1st September, 1955.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 275

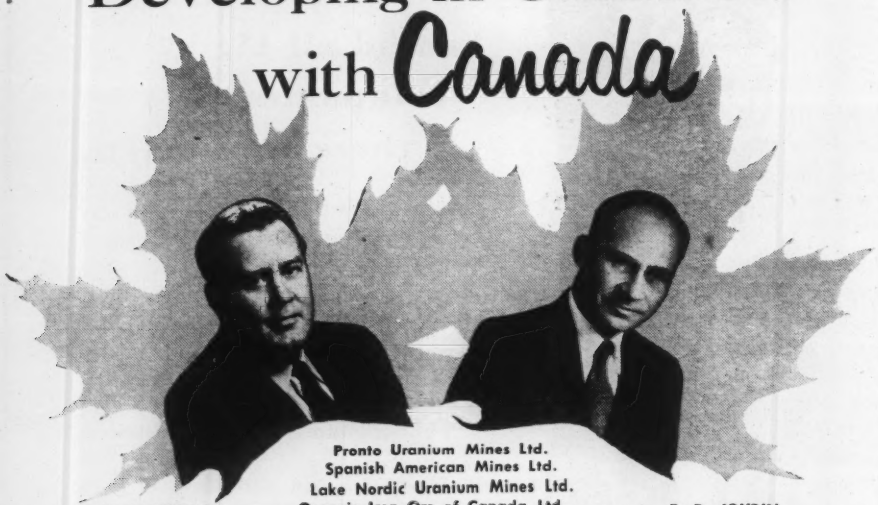
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending October 31, 1955, payable at the Bank and its branches on November 1, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30, 1955.

Subscribers to new shares are reminded that they will rank for this dividend only in the proportion that the amount paid upon such new shares at the record date of September 30, 1955, bears to the subscription price of $27.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager

Toronto, September 1, 1955

Developing in Greatness with Canada



H. R. BUCKLES
Chief Engineer

Pronto Uranium Mines Ltd.
Spanish American Mines Ltd.
Lake Nordic Uranium Mines Ltd.
Oceanic Iron Ore of Canada Ltd.
Rexspar Uranium and Metals Mining Co. Ltd.
Buckles Algoma Uranium Mines Ltd.

F. R. JOUBIN
Managing Director

G. W. SANDER
Geophysicist

E. L. EVANS
Exploration Geologist

R. P. ERLICH
Chief Metallurgist

D. H. JAMES
Chief Geologist

Technical Mine Consultants Limited

Employing teams of outstanding
geologists—engineers AND MINE TECHNICIANS

"DEVELOPING GREAT MINE AREAS FOR CANADA"

TECHNICAL MINE CONSULTANTS LIMITED
44 KING ST. W. TORONTO CANADA

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Investments and Leisure...

Let us take over your Investment worries. We shall be glad to explain how we can provide many valuable services in the handling of your securities, mortgages and real estate.

THE
ROYAL TRUST
COMPANY

Ask for our booklet on Management Service.

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

This, along with the financing of other projects, required Noranda to borrow $30 million. Service charges on the debt would seem to preclude the possibility of an early increase in the dividend rate, an indicated $2 a year on the new stock, which represents a two-for-one split of the old.

The old stock paid $1.00 quarterly until the first quarter of 1954 when the rate was cut to 75 cents, reflecting a strike at the Horne operation. The rate was restored to $1.00 in the final quarter of 1954.

The company pointed out to a Quebec labor conciliation board that acceding to most recent union demands would shorten the prospective life of the Horne copper-gold mine from 10.7 years to less than nine years. It also said that any adverse change in the existing relationship of costs and market prices for iron and sulphur would eliminate the project for development of low-grade pyritic ores at the Horne. To make use of these ores (success would add many years of life to the Horne, which contains large quantities of pyritic ores) the company built a multi-million dollar plant at Port Robinson, Ont., for extraction of sulphur and iron. It also proposes a pyrite plant at Blind River, Ont., to produce sulphuric acid for an acid-leach process to be employed on uranium ores.

In Brief

What is the status of Aladdin Oil and Gas?—A. B., Lethbridge, Alta.

The magic lamp has burned out. It's dead.

I own Clubine Comstock Gold Mines stock which was bought in 1933. Has it any value?—D. H., Spokane, Wash.

No. Dissolved.

Are shares in Brett Trethewey Mines of any value?—B. L., Toronto.

Liquidated. Your shares are worth 1/10 of one cent each. Get in touch with Crown Trust Co., in Toronto.

Could you give me some information on Gotham Yellowknife Mines and White Guyatt Mining.—E. E. L., Hillsburg, Ont.

Both inactive.

Do you consider the new Sidney Roofing & Paper Co. bonds a good investment?—J. R. B., North Bay, Ont.

Pretty sound.

I bought shares of Sage Oil at 32 cents and it is now 15 to 18 cents. What are its possibilities for appreciation?—D. B. R. McBride, BC.

Slim.

Is there anything encouraging you can say about Heva Gold?—J. J. G., Montreal.

Only that as long as it retains a charter its chances cannot be entirely dismissed.

Who's Who in Business

In the Mink

AT THE glossy new Holt Renfrew store on Toronto's up-and-coming Bloor Street, there could be observed on the opening days last month a large, greying man of sallow complexion, standing in the long-drawn aisles that lie behind the imposing façade of blue glass and stainless steel—a Buddha-like figure of contemplation in the soft light, amidst the inaugural uncertainties and the eddying streams of well-heeled ladies. Wherever Holt Renfrew does business, President Walker is there on the ground-level in spirit, and frequently in person.

Alvin Joseph Walker was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1896. He acquired an early experience of merchandising, first, from his father, who was a wholesale jeweller, and then from the U.S. Navy, in which he worked his way up during the First World War to Chief Petty Officer in charge of the commissary. In 1918, he landed his first civilian job selling furs for the Kaufman Oberleder company and later joined the John Wanamaker store in New York, where he became head of the fur department.

Alvin Joseph Walker

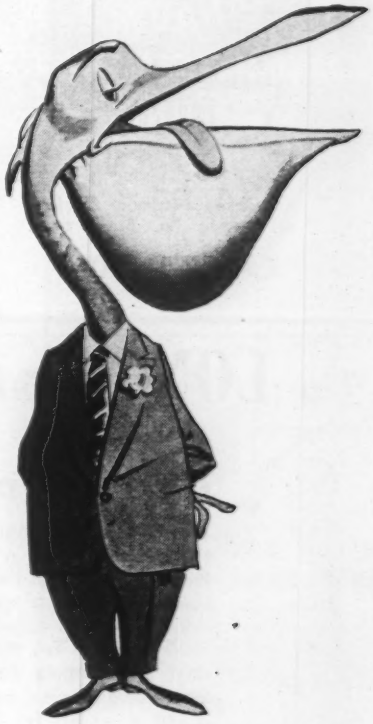
One day a group of financiers asked him to go to Montreal to look into the merits of buying the Holt Renfrew concern from its Canadian owners. His searching conclusions had the unexpected effect of persuading the owners to keep the business, provided Mr. Walker would assist in its management. He agreed and moved to Canada in 1933 as Vice-president and Managing Director of Holt Renfrew. The company was at this time headed by the late Senator Lorne Webster, "a hard taskmaster", remarks Mr. Walker with a note of respect. Howard Webster, the Senator's son, remains an associate of Mr. Walker, as a director of the company. On the death of the Senator in 1942, Mr. Walker was elected President and chose to combine his new responsibilities with those he was exercising as Managing Director.

Holt Renfrew, which dates back to 1834 when an Irish immigrant called Henderson came over with a bale of tweed headgear, has continued to expand both in the area of its operations and the range of its wares. But it has carefully preserved the traditional cachet, befitting a firm of furriers long patronized by royalty. The most obvious innovations have been in locale. Mr. Walker is credited with the foresight to open new premises, first on Montreal's Sherbrooke Street, and now on Toronto's Bloor Street, a little away from the long-established shopping centres of these growing cities. "The greatest possibilities for the expansion of our business are now in Toronto," he concludes.

He divides his time between his headquarters in the Montreal store, frequent visits to the other stores in nine Canadian cities as far west as Edmonton, and an average of four buying-visits a year to Europe. This schedule leaves little opportunity for outside interests like golf and fishing. He has, in fact, wrapped himself up in the business to a degree that is rare even amongst hard-working Canadian executives. However, the Holt Renfrew interests are wide enough for the President to lead a diversified life within its orbit — from consultations about the latest architectural innovations to his major preoccupation with furs and *haute couture*. He is a familiar figure in the fashion salons of Paris, Rome, London and other European cities and this month he is bringing Christian Dior to Canada.

In 1921, he married Miss Hannah Feuerstein of New York and he continues to rely on his wife's judgment and example. Mrs. Walker, who collects modern painting and old furniture, naturally gets her clothes from Holt Renfrew, or direct from the European designers with whom Holt Renfrew has a tie-up. "She'd better not let me catch her going anywhere else," remarks Mr. Walker, with the tight smile of a former Chief Petty Officer. Holt Renfrew's growing business in men's custom tailoring he leaves mainly to his son-in-law, Lenard Shavick, the General Merchandise Manager of the company. His two daughters are both married. Each has a couple of daughters and one boy.

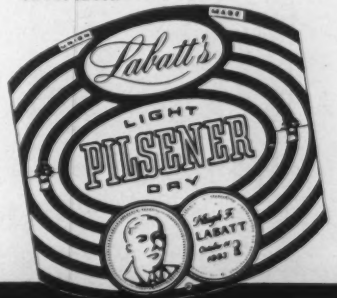
Thirsty?



. . . TRY A PILSENER

Call that a beak? It's more like a beaker! And oh! for a beakerful of sparkling Pilsener. The lightness of Pilsener—lighter than ale—allows you to take deep draughts. And the unique dryness—drier even than lager—cures thirst like magic . . . the first refreshing trickle quickly turns a thirsty throat into a source of pleasure!
Try Labatt's Pilsener today—at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern.

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven *other* breweries. Made to the original Pilsen formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



The swing is definitely to
LABATT'S

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

The **LONG** *drink from*

ENGLAND

Some 100 years ago the bartender of Pimm's Restaurant of London invented a tall drink which he called Pimm's Cup. To this day, the formula for this delectable gin drink is still a secret. Try it — it's the coolest, most refreshing long-iced gin drink you ever tasted.

Send for free recipe booklet to P.O. Box 308, station B, Montreal.

PIMM'S No. 1 CUP

also **PIMM'S No. 5 Cup** (Rye Base)

Produced in Canada under direct supervision of Pimm's Ltd.

For Mixed Drinks that are Different!

CANADA'S LARGEST SELLER

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

ANOTHER leading British problemist has died, Brian Harley, for years chess editor of the London *Observer* and a writer of several problem books. He died on May 18 at Bognor Regis, Sussex, scene these last few years of important Easter congresses.

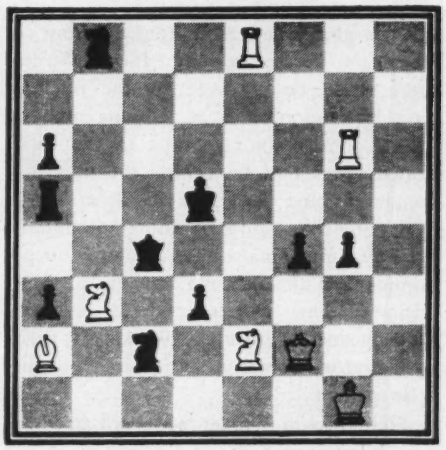
Besides being an eminent authority, Harley was a great supporter of the problem art. His two noted books are *Mate in Two Moves* and *Mate in Three Moves,* and he was equally adept at composing problems of both lengths. His wife, Ella M. Harley, is responsible for a few elegant two-movers.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 124.

Key-move 1.B-Kt8, threatening 2.B-R7 mate. If Kt-Kt6; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If Kt-Q6; 2.Kt-K2 mate. If Kt(5)-B7; 2.QxP mate. If Kt-Q4; 2.R-B4 mate. If Kt-R3; 2.Kt-B6 mate. If BxKt; 2.B-K5 mate. If BxRch; 2.KtxB mate. If RxKtch; 2.QxR mate.

PROBLEM NO. 125, by B. Harley.

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White mates in two.

Just Think of That!

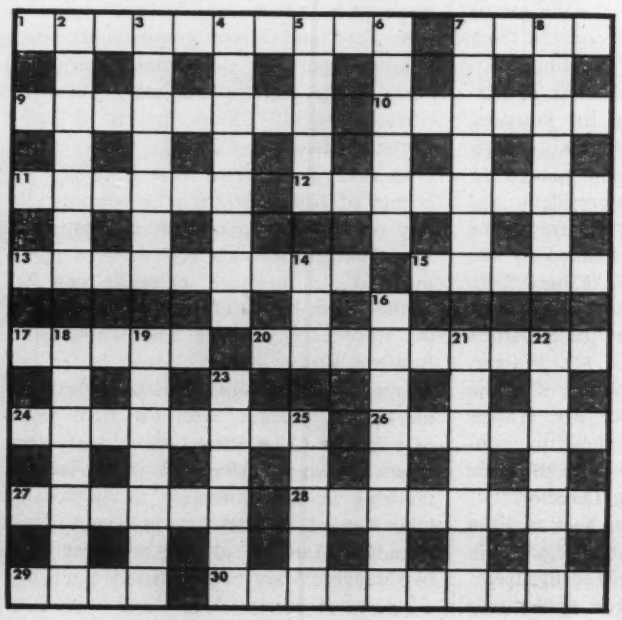
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

Across

1, 5, 30, 27. As Shakespeare proved by his fools' speeches. (6,4,1,4,4,6,2,4)
7, 25. Finder keeper, he's no weeper! (4, 5)
9. Rakes supply him with cash. (8)
10. Not accustomed to be unemployed. (6)
11. His stock is out on a limb. (6)
12. For a change he goes to six-bit shows. (8)
13. In which the printer pretends to explain? (9)
15, 17. See 28
20. Irish fruiterer named after William III? (9)
24. Realm not in Canada. (8)
26. Regain control of a car? (2, 4)
27. See 1
28, 17, 15. Bones that could perhaps spoil the banquet. (8,2,3,5)
29. Stables for cats? (4)
30. See 1

Down

2. A whale of an instrument to play with nothing on. (7)
3. Course of action followed by a regular guy? (7)
4. Put your feet in them to spurt, sir! (8)
5. See 1
6. "Yet, Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose! That . . . sweet-scented manuscript should close". (Rubaiyat) (6)
7. Certainly not the beef for Thanksgiving. (7)
8. He was sore set to kill his mother. (7)
14. Gets it first from hearsay. (3)
16. It's the product of Len's vine, perhaps, that does, to the party. (8)
18. Try an ounce if any left. (7)
19. Royalty appoints them to cover their crowns, as it were. (7)
21. Painter whose models pulled long faces? (2, 5)
22. Apple-pie order, perhaps. (1,2,4)
23. It's best to owe, by the sound of it. (6)
25. See 7A



SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

Across

1. Startling
6. Shave
10. Pipits
11. Tannings
12. Peri
13. Twain
14. Cult
15. Astringent
18. Tiny
19. Reno
21. Advantages
24. Edit
25. Genie
26. Race
28. Leap-frog
29. Impair
30. Close
31. Freemason

Down

2. Twine
3. Rainier
4. Lusitania
5. Nitrate
7. Haircut
8. Vigilante
9. Anon
16. Speedwell
17. Tangerine
20. Octopus
22. Vinegar
23. Agrippa
25. Garb
27. Cairo

(374)

Here to Stay

Pulp and paper mills have financed and stimulated the growth of modern communities around them. Carefully planned and soundly built, these towns are here to stay. Neither mills nor towns can be moved to tap new woodlands; they depend for their existence on perpetual yield from their forests.

So, pulp and paper harvests its forests scientifically; spends more on conservation and fire prevention than all the provinces combined; operates the best managed commercial forests in the nation; and is increasing the growth in its woodlands to meet its increasing needs.

Such measures maintain the pulp and paper forests as an everlasting source of wealth for Canada. They also support permanent communities that are bases for the further development of the country.

Pulp & Paper Industry *of* Canada

131 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

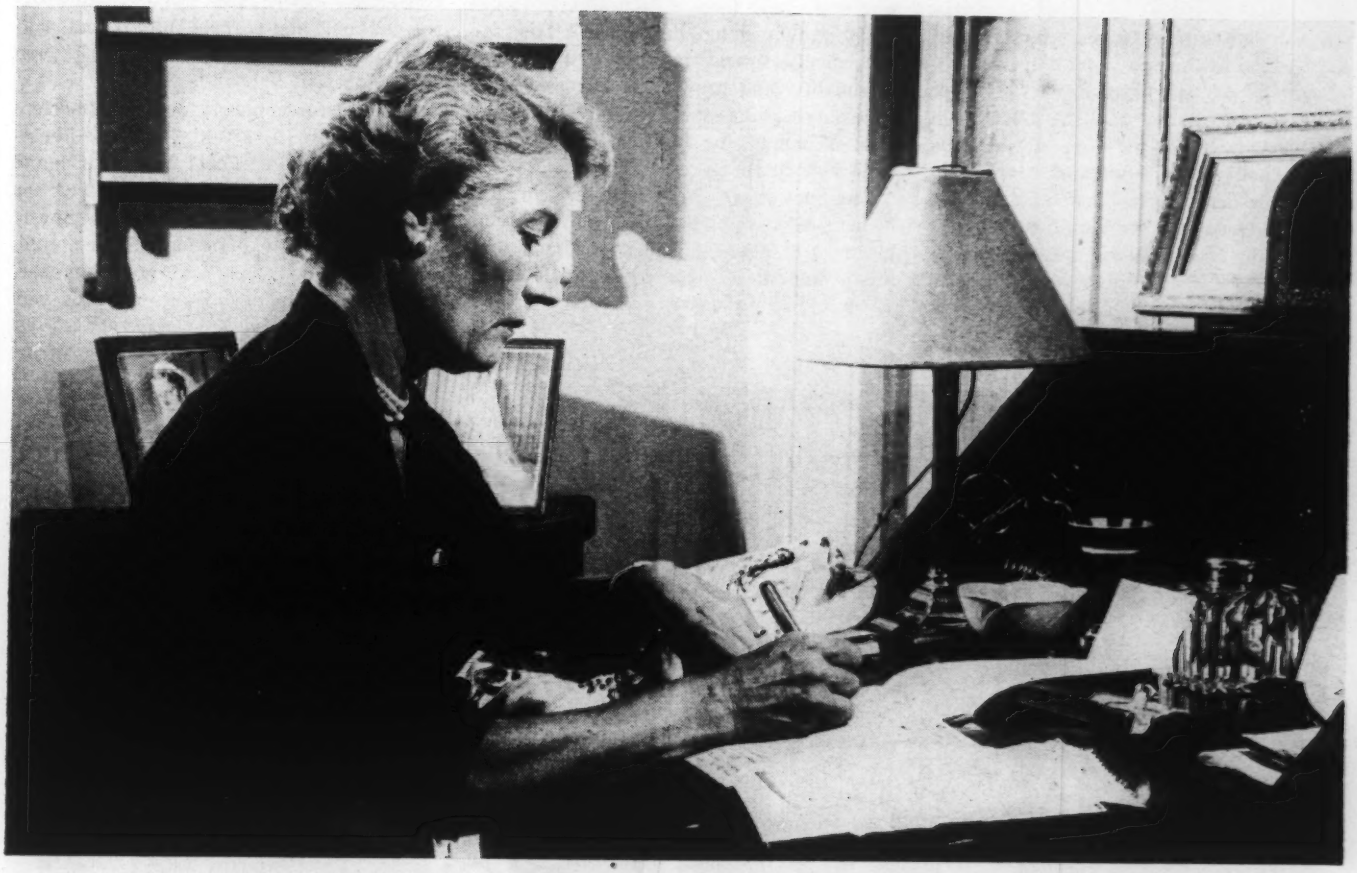
Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A

EATON'S OF CANADA

STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

STUDY IN SIMPLICITY AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR!

In a dress of uncluttered elegance, with the easy but controlled lines that Fashion follows this Fall. Companion piece in colour harmony is the mink stole by Revillon of Paris, from his "Tour Eiffel" collection, exclusively Eaton's . . . Both dress and stole are typical of the rich and flowing simplicity now showing across Canada in the after-five fashions at Eaton's.



Mrs. Gordon Reed works amid a clutter of swatches at plans for redecorating her dismantled drawing-room.

Taste and Imagination

by Marion McCormick

A WOMAN whose husband is an architect might be expected to develop an unusually strong interest in houses. In the case of Mrs. Gordon Reed, of Montreal, the interest has grown to include all houses, her own and other people's as well.

The Reeds own four houses, two of which are in use: one in the city, and the other in the Laurentian village of St. Sauveur des Monts, about 60 miles north of Montreal. Two others are inherited properties at St. Andrew's-By-The-Sea, in New Brunswick. The Reeds seldom use the New Brunswick address. Mrs. Reed loves the sea, but even more she loves having her family around her, and St. Andrew's is just too far away.

The family consists of three daughters, two of them now married, and 13-year-old Kate. There are also two young grandchildren, and Marion Reed would be less than human if she failed to relish the gasps of surprise that come when she first mentions her grandchildren. A fragile blonde with a model's figure, Mrs. Reed is the new style grandmother, more evocative of whistles than of Whistler.

The lessening of family responsibilities which comes with a smaller household has not left a gap in her life. Instead, she has found the time and freedom to turn her natural interest in houses into a career as an interior decorator.

Architects and interior decorators often regard each other with suspicion, and architects of strong convictions and sound bank balances have been known to refuse commissions if they cannot have a say in the matter of decoration. Gordon Reed, who specializes in designing houses, has definite ideas about decoration, and his wife's first professional steps were taken in carrying out his schemes. This was four years ago. She still works closely with her husband, but no longer exclusively. Nor does she stick to houses any more. One of her recent jobs was the redecoration of the lounge of a popular mountain resort.

Her own tall, narrow town house is the proving-ground for some of her ideas. The Reeds replanned the house when the older girls left to establish homes of their own. Now, the second floor has become the main area of family living. An out-

size storage cupboard is the new kitchen, hidden from the dining-room by a wall of hinged louvered panels.

The entrance is papered in a black marble pattern, and the hall lighted dramatically by a handsome chandelier, the twin to one hanging in the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. The library has a corner fireplace—a decorator's nightmare, Mrs. Reed says, but by facing it with a series of old Dutch tiles picturing children at play, she has turned it into an asset.

Most people, she finds, like rooms done in traditional styles, and she likes them best herself. They are more flexible, she thinks, and more hospitable to the unclassifiable odds and bits that most families collect. Out-of-the-ordinary assignments are exciting, nevertheless, and one of her favorites is an apartment she furnished for a bachelor, doing the whole job, right down to the saucepans, and all in modern style.

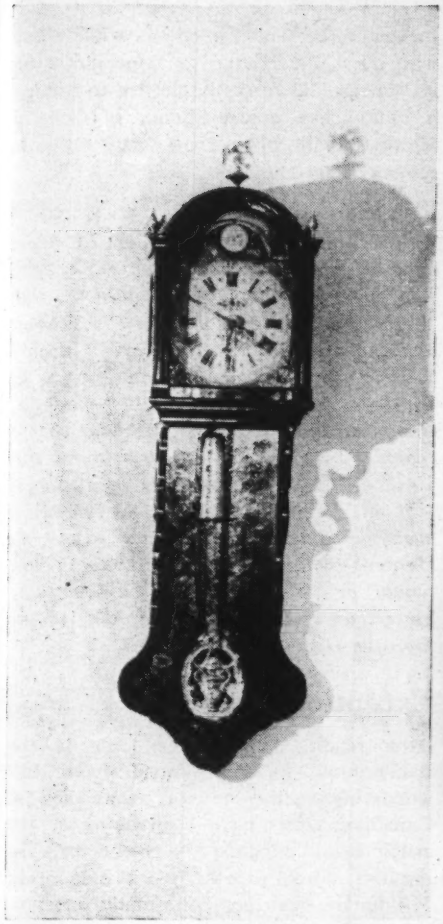
Modern is more functional, she admits, but it is a challenge to take the chill off a room that provides a place for everything and insists that everything be in its place. She considers formal rooms an anachronism in this casual day and age.

Mrs. Reed does not think that a person who seeks help from a decorator is necessarily relinquishing his house. The result ideally should interpret the owner's personality, and provide an effective—not an overwhelming—background. It should also, of course, be faithful to the architect's conception.

The power of veto remains in the owner's hands, unless Mrs. Reed has been given *carte blanche,* and she admits that this is sometimes hard to take. Her judgment is now so highly regarded that she seldom encounters stubborn opposition, but it happens occasionally. There is one house in Montreal which she can never enter without gritting her teeth, all because of some chintz that was bought over her exhausted body. The client inspected sample after sample, returning each time like a homing pigeon to her original choice, which Mrs. Reed frankly considered a low point in the textile designer's art. She accepted the defeat with glum grace, but she found no satisfaction in the job.

Her zest for her work does not interfere with an active family life, and the household wheels are kept well oiled and smoothly running. An early riser, she schedules her time closely and is famously and unfemininely punctual. By a combination of good luck and good management, her household has always been well

The library has deep green walls, a corner fireplace and a number of small, well-loved objects. One of Mrs. Reed's favorites is the pewter Chinese duck on the mantel-piece. The kitchen in her Montreal house was built in an outsize storage cupboard and is closed off from the dining-room by a wall of hinged louvered panels. Neat and compact, its arrangements are as functional as those in a ship's galley.



An antique Dutch clock hangs in the foyer of the Reeds' Pine Avenue home. The handsome chandelier is twin to one in the Montreal Museum of Fine Art.

staffed, and she has thus escaped the burden of routine domestic concerns.

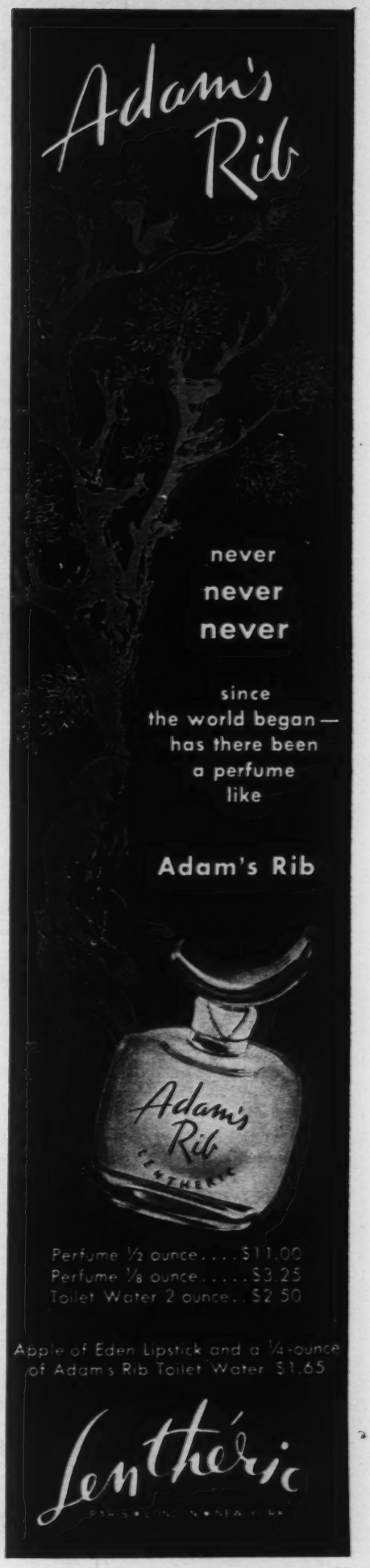
A native Montrealer, she received part of her education abroad, acquiring along the way a fluent command of French. She also lived for a time in the United States, and came back home with a new interest in the traditions of Quebec. Both her French and her perceptive knowledge of old Quebec stand her in good stead now. Her husband is the only English-Canadian member of the Provincial Commission for the Preservation of Historic Sites and Monuments, and she often accompanies him on trips to little known villages where a notable church or a fine old manor house may be found.

Mrs. Reed loves to shop, and thinks that people who say they don't are really victims of indecisiveness. She always knows just what she wants, and will stalk it tirelessly. The hunt from shop to shop which wears others down to the point of compromise only whets her determination. She sews well, loves clothes, and has a faultless eye for things that set off her own good looks. These are softly tailored clothes for daytime, often in slatey blues. Like many other chic women, she believes firmly in the "good little black dress", partly because nothing is so adaptable, but also, she says with a smile, because her mother told her years ago that the woman in black is always noticed first.

If she had her choice, Mrs. Reed would spend most of the year at the country house in the Laurentians, maintaining only a *pied-à-terre* in the city. A faithful replica of the classic French-Canadian farmhouse, it overlooks a greeting card village of snug little houses and distant steeples. The house itself has attracted much admiring attention, and many of the furnishings are of special interest. One of these is a 17th century clock, still functioning, which was brought to Canada by Mme La Peltrie, one of the founders of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec City.

The country house provides an outlet for Mrs. Reed's enthusiasm for gardening, and is also a perfect setting for the large informal parties the Reeds enjoy most. Old friends feel free to drop in without notice, and members of the scattered family turn up with cheering frequency.

The calm of an empty house does not appeal to her. Coming in to an unnatural hush one day, she remarked to her husband that with three children and two grandchildren in the area, it would be pleasant to have somebody around. The maid appeared then with the news that an infant grandchild had been deposited, along with an ample supply of formula and diapers. Mrs. Reed brightened immediately.



Letters

Fluoridation

In the recent dispute of suggested fluoridation of municipal drinking water, there is nothing that offers such a deplorable spectacle as the appalling display of ignorance of chemical facts concerning this issue. Unfortunately many medical and dental men who have advocated such an undertaking are foremost in lacking a proper knowledge of chemistry, and consequently the general public is led astray by such false opinions. May I refer to a recent letter to you signed by a dentist, Dr. M. H. Garvin in Winnipeg. He speaks about the fluorine content of 30 to 60 parts per million in tea. It is true that tea leaves contain some natural fluorine but this fluorine is present in *insoluble* form as is all fluorine found in nature. This insoluble fluorine compound is not extracted in the preparation of the tea beverage, therefore not consumed by tea drinkers. Consequently, the statement of the dentist that tea drinkers consume 30 to 60 parts per million of fluorine in their beverage is preposterous, unless they also swallow the tea leaves . . .

FREDERICK A. J. ZEIDLER, PHD., FCIC.
TORONTO

Crime and Punishment

Your editorial policy gets more and more fat headed. Those poor dear criminals! Don't be too harsh with them. Never mind their victims, think only of the criminals; don't give them too long punishments and have a parole board to let them out early so they can do it all over again. That about represents your policy so far as I can judge . . .

QUEBEC CITY W. A. LEWIS

Editor's note: Mr. Lewis oversimplifies. We have suggested not a more mawkish but a more intelligent approach to the problem of crime and punishment. Old discredited methods of handling criminals, still being used in Canada, can best be likened to a prescription for a headache that calls for beating the sufferer's head with a hammer.

Paying for TV

. . . Mr. Braun (Sept. 3) objects to the idea of paying any more for his TV entertainment, since he paid a tax on his set on purchasing it. In other words he thinks the taxpayers at large, many of whom do not own or cannot afford a set, are to help pay for his entertainment . . .

Those who buy electric appliances, machinery, automobiles, etc., also pay a heavy purchase tax. However, they do not expect the people who do not own these appliances to help pay for their operation. Also, patrons of other forms of entertainment — movies, sports, concerts, etc. — pay an amusement tax over and above the entrance fee.

In all the above cases the taxes go into the national revenue fund. In glaring contrast, TV tax fees are plowed back into the CBC; not a dollar goes into the national revenue, but millions, in addition, are paid out of the general revenue fund to support the CBC and its TV . . .

WINNIPEG A. BARTRAM

Army Obsolete?

Why should we hope, as you apparently do, that General Simonds, released from his job as Chief of the General Staff, will stir up a debate about the composition of our defence forces? The leaders of the great nations, East and West, have realized, as you do not, that any large scale offensive military action can only result in mutual destruction, and they are reluctantly moving towards control of armaments. Meanwhile, the instrument that can best deliver the weapon of total destruction, the hydrogen bomb, is the airplane. Is it not wise to concentrate on the arm of the service that carries out the two most important tasks of modern war—deliver the ultimate weapon and in turn guard against its delivery? That arm is the air force, and Canada is wise, along with the United States, to concentrate on it. Will ground forces be needed to occupy a radio-active desert? Better if General Simonds, with his narrow army outlook, remain silent . . .

HALIFAX A. R. MCQUEEN

Editor's note: Infantrymen of 15 years ago will remember how often the experts told them that they were obsolete, that World War II would be won by aircraft and tanks alone. That, however, is only a memory. What the H-bomb does, of course, is make war itself utter madness. But there is always the possibility that a major war would be fought without this weapon, as World War II was fought without gas. In any case, the views of such an outstanding military expert as General Simonds deserve attention. They would be valuable if they did nothing more than reveal what the thinking of the Defence Department really is.

Exception

After reading the article "Lady in the Background" by Paul Duval, I am left wondering whether he is as aware of what Canadian artists have been doing as the article would suggest. My reason for raising this point, is (the work of) Grant Macdonald, who has done many fine portraits of women . . .

KINGSTON, ONT. CHARLES E. WRIGHT

Canadian Films

On reading "The Case for a Real Canadian Film", and a few other writings by Mr. MacLennan on the subject, one can't help being struck by a number of inconsistencies . . .

A great deal of capital has been invested in entertainment film in Canada, in production, studios, artists, writers, etc. To a great extent, this has been lost . . .

The main point of this is, to produce a good film requires experienced and talented producers, writers, directors and artists, above all. Technicians, facilities and equipment we have or can easily acquire. But the past seems to have proved that the let-down comes when the project is turned over to the artistic and production branches—the ones who raise the most uproar about the lack of an industry!

In addition, of course, the government, completely sold on the National Film Board, steadfastly refuse to enact any type of legislation comparable to that enacted in virtually every other country to protect and foster its home industry . . .

MONTREAL R. MINGO SWEENEY

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	23
BUSINESS	27
COVER STORY	15
GOLD & DROSS	28
LETTER FROM MONTREAL	11
OTTAWA LETTER	13
SPORTS	18
WOMEN	35

SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 70, NO. 41 WHOLE NO. 3245

PICTURE CREDITS: Page 1, © Gaby; Page 4, Miller; Page 5, Collection of His Excellency the Governor General, Collection of Hon. L. B. Pearson, National Gallery of Canada; Page 7, Globe & Mail, Miller; Page 9, National Gallery of Canada; Page 11, © Gaby; Page 13, Miller; Page 18, Turofsky; Page 23, British Books, Little, Brown and Co. (Canada); Page 27, Wheeler; Page 31, Blank & Stoller; Pages 35, 36, 37, David Bier.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER
$360.

Editorial Board, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editor, Adrian Liddell Hart; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh Garner, Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York). Director of Advertising, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson; Advertising Manager, George Glionna. Subscription Prices: Canada $2.00 one year; $3.00 two years; $4.00 three years; $5.00 four years. Outside Canada $3.00 per year. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, 1517 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Office 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice-Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Canada's favourite has
a bright new emblem!

dern label
for today
seeing it
t on the
en bottles
your assured symbol of
the constant full-bodied
quality...with the true flavour
of malt & the tang of hops...
that makes Molson's Export
Canada's largest-selling ale

The ale your great-grandfather drank

A PRODUCT OF
MOLSON'S
BREWERS SINCE 1786

YOU ARE INVITED TO ACCEPT 12 BEAUTIFUL 24 PAGE ART BOOKS WITH OVER 140 PICTURES ALL YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢

Receive every month for a year a handsome new illustrated treatise on Art and Art Appreciation by World Famous Authorities — A complete Art Course!

A $12.00 VALUE— YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢

No Strings—No Obligation!

IMAGINE FOR ONLY 10¢ YOU RECEIVE ALL 12 FOLLOWING ART BOOKS

Bring to your home the great pleasures of a cultured life! Let all your family enjoy and thrill to the great Art of the World!

All for only 10c! No strings! No obligations! 12 great booklets on ART! Each contains twenty-four pages of gloriously illustrated comments by internationally famous experts—a 12-month Home Lecture Series on ART and ART APPRECIATION for only 10c!

WHY WE OFFER THIS $12 VALUE FOR ONLY 10c

We want you and your family to discover how easily you can acquire an understanding and appreciation of good art. This 12-month art series quickly trains you to distinguish between a masterpiece and a second-rate painting—to discover "hidden meanings" in great art —to understand and enjoy even the most abstract art. You become familiar with great schools, styles and periods in art history. You'll learn about great artists and their strange, ex-tic lives. Right in your own home you'll thrill to masterpieces by art immortals. You'll even read about their famous models. It's like taking a personal family tour through the world's great museums and galleries—guided by foremost experts! And it's all yours—this entire ART SERIES for only 10c!

Also FREE to You—An Associate Membership in ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD, With No Dues and No Obligation to Buy Anything Ever!

This Associate Membership in **Art Treasures of the World** will introduce you to this remarkable plan of distributing magnificent portfolio collections of art masterpieces at a fraction of their usual cost.

In addition to your monthly edition of the 12-month series of Art Appreciation Books, as an Associate Member you will receive an illustrated announcement of the new Portfolio Collection soon to be released to our Regular Members. You may purchase it at the **member's price**, but as an Associate Member you are not obligated to accept any Portfolio ever! If you do not wish to purchase, just return the form provided for that purpose with each announcement.

16 Magnificent Full-Colour Paintings on Ready-to-Frame Mats larger than this page!

Should you decide to accept a Portfolio Collection, you will receive a magnificent Portfolio of 16 full-color paintings on extra-large 11" x 15" ready-to-frame mats. And the price! Instead of paying from $5 to $25 for just a single reproduction, the entire Portfolio of 16 exquisite full-color paintings can be yours at the special Member's Price of only $3.45. Remember, you are in no way obligated—you need not spend a single penny more than 10c for the 12-month Art Series.

And if you act right now—we will include, at absolutely no cost to you—the gorgeous Rembrandt Portfolio described below—a $15.45 value for only 10c! **Rush** the coupon back to us NOW!

THE PLEASURES OF PAINTING by Dr. H. W. Janson, *Chairman, Department of Fine Arts, New York University.*

EXPRESSION IN ART by Harry Bober, *Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard University.*

THE MYSTERIES AND PLEASURES OF DRAWING AND SKETCHING by Dr. Jane Costello, *Assistant Professor of Art, New York University.*

HOW TO READ A PICTURE by Wolfgang Stechow, *Professor of Fine Arts, Oberlin College.*

ON TRUTH TO NATURE by H W. Janson.

STYLE AND STYLES by Dr. H. W. Janson, *Chairman of Department of Fine Arts, New York University.*

WHAT PICTURES ARE MADE OF by William S. Hecksher, *Professor of Art History, University of Iowa.*

ABSTRACTION IN ART by Robert Goldwater, *Associate Professor of Art, Queens College, N.Y.*

WHAT MAKES A MASTERPIECE? by William M. Ivins, Jr., *Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.*

COLLECTORS AND COLLECTING by W. C. Constable, *Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

FORM AND DESIGN by Seymour Slive, *Chairman of Art Department, Pomona College, Calif.*

PROPORTION IN ART by Harry Bober, *Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard University.*

THIS COUPON IS ACTUALLY WORTH $15.35 IT BRINGS YOU $15.45 VALUE FOR 10¢

ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD, SN-10
1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.

Enclosed is 10¢ payment in full for 12-month series on Art and Art Appreciation *plus* FREE Portfolio of Rembrandt paintings. With each book, which I am to receive every month for a year postal charges prepaid, I will also receive advance notice of new Portfolio Collection releases which I may purchase at Regular Members' price of only $3.45 (plus shipping). However, I may decline Portfolio offers by returning advance notice forms provided. It is understood that the Art Appreciation Course and Rembrandt Portfolio are mine to keep regardless of how few Portfolios I purchase.

Membership limited to One Subscription to Any Household.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....Prov.....

IN U.S.A.: 100 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

ALSO FREE This Handsome Portfolio of 16 Paintings by REMBRANDT

By mailing the coupon NOW you will also receive — absolutely free — a magnificent Portfolio of 16 full-colour reproductions of masterpieces by Rembrandt — on large, ready-to-frame 11" x 15" mats. This FREE Portfolio also contains a biographical introduction to Rembrandt plus background material on all reproductions in the collection. Remember, this Portfolio is a FREE Introductory offer to acquaint you with the quality of Portfolios received by our Regular Members. Act NOW — and receive this entire $15.45 value for only 10¢.

ART TREASURES OF THE WORLD

1184 CASTLEFIELD AVE., TORONTO 10, ONT.
A Division of Sutson Limited
IN U.S.A.: 100 SIXTH AVE., NEW YORK 13, N.Y.